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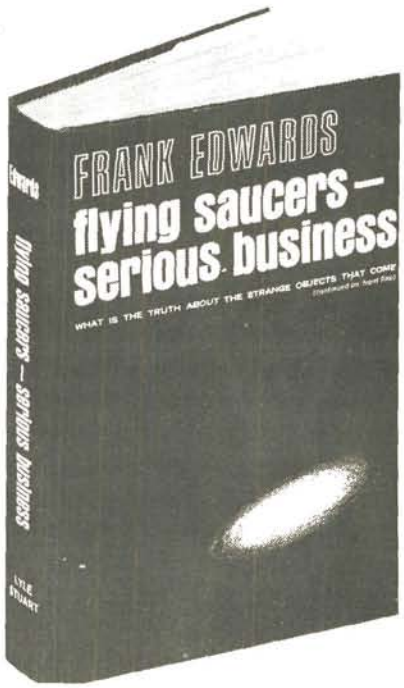
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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Fellow-Travelers

★ Once upon a time Hitler and Stalin were buddies. So today, oddly enough, are HUAC and the communists. They are fellow-travelers – red-baiters and reds. They praise democracy and flout it. They seek to raise the nation to hysteria over Vietnam. Both drool for publicity. Neither would be anything without the other. So, last week, they were allies here. Each scored a splendid victory.

In his opening statement, acting subcommittee chairman Joe Pool (D, Texas) twice used the word "treason." He explained that he would not limit anyone's right to dissent, of course. But "impairing the morale" of troops in Vietnam is not dissent, it is an "overt act," he said. He narrowed the closing gap a little further between legitimate protest and "treason."

Pool must be seen to be believed. He looks like a six-footer who has somehow been anatomically squeezed down to five feet. He is double-chinned, short-tempered, bull-voiced and balloon-like. One has the feeling that if a doctor pricked him anywhere with a hypodermic he would deflate. He is not very bright.

We think it is a good thing to show up the way communists are trying to grab the Vietnam issue, and the civil rights issue. Of course they are! Who doubts it? College youths who may not understand the facts of life should learn the score. But what an instrument to make the inquiry! HUAC is out to smear the whole protest movement with a red brush.

Philip Abbot Luce, 29, of Mississippi, was first witness. We found him as interesting as Joe Pool. He has a high-brow, God-at-Yale accent. He testified that he joined the minuscule Progressive Labor Party (membership about 5,000; favors Red China) for six months, then quit. He has written a book about how awful it all is and has a lucrative career of exposure opening before him. He has a blond handlebar moustache, blond curly hair, worn long like a wig, and looks like a bobbed General Custer. He speaks superciliously of former colleagues. Your local ladies club can probably hire him. He is the Golden Boy of changecoats.

The big show, of course, came next day. It was as memorable, and more violent, than the midget in Morgan's lap – another famous hearing. HUAC, you must understand, drags a potential riot behind it, wherever it goes, like a child with a dog. Its opponents, particularly communists, delightedly cooperate in creating scenes and tension. They and the committee are partners.

We sat about 15 feet from where lawyer Arthur Kinoy was making a point of order for one of the subpoenaed witnesses. On the raised dais above him sat Chairman Pool, like a frog on a lily pad. Mr. Kinoy is a respectable attorney, member of the bar of the US Supreme Court and professor of law at Rutgers. He is a counsel for that subversive organization, the American Civil Liberties Union. He was making a persistent point for his client, but in a quiet voice. Suddenly in front of us all Pool lost control. He seemed to swell. At the top of his voice he bellowed, "Now sit down!" He gave a tremendous whack with his gavel.

Without any chance to sit, let alone turn, little Kinoy was instantly pinioned by three big plainclothesmen, his wrists twisted, an arm choked about his throat, and he was dragged out. Seven other defendants' lawyers looked aghast and learned incredulously that their eminent colleague had been taken off to jail. Pool, looking a little scared, calmed down a bit. We felt a bit frightened, too. We had never seen a client's lawyer taken off to jail before.

In summary, it was nuts for the committee and for the commies. We watched the chairman before TV cameras outside the marble committee room. What a politician's dream. Fifteen microphones in front of him. He was explaining manfully how patriotic he was. He represents Dallas in Congress and up to now has been in election trouble. We feel sure that now Joe is all right. He is just the man for Dallas.

LBJ Flouted

★ Mr. Johnson has now been defied by management (steel), labor (airlines) and banks (interest rates). It is a consensus all right. Meanwhile the cost of living is going up about four percent a year. All the pat words that have been used to describe the President seem inappropriate on the economic front. "Activist," "decisive," "dictatorial," "persuasive" – they hardly fit. Congress tried for two weeks to discover if Mr. Johnson did or didn't want the strike bill. Not a peep. He will seek to recover prestige in new speech-making trips.

Guidelines, we think, were valuable for several years of stable prices. But how could any worker be satisfied with a wage increase that hardly neutralized inflation?

Under the guidelines higher profits were supposed to be plowed back in lower prices. The Council of Economic Advisers timidly noted last year that Detroit wasn't doing this. It hasn't been done for most industries. The White House made almost no protest.

Since 1960 the government has cut taxes about $20 billion, mostly to management. Economists like Keyserling and Galbraith advocated federal stimulus, but warned that more should go to the consumers, and that it should be done in public works, not tax cuts.

What we face is a wage explosion; a really turbulent strike period. It's all quite simple, really. Corporate profits have been rising tremendously, at the rate of 11 percent a year. But the slice of pie for workers in the past 12 months has actually gone down. Yes, the official figures are available. The "real spendable earnings" of the average factory worker are less now than they were a year ago because of inflation. Workers simply aren't going to allow this. The wage contracts of a couple of million workers expire this year and next. Washington economic writers have been trying to make the public understand what's ahead, but we doubt if they've succeeded. Hold on to your hats.

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HUAC Hellzapoppin

The adventures of the House Un-American Activities Committee used to be high hearing-room drama. But the current investigations of war protesters, which began in Washington last week, suggest that HUAC has now descended permanently into a low-comedy routine. Committee members, witnesses, informers, lawyers and hecklers played parodies of themselves. Big Joe Pool of Texas, the subcommittee chairman, grunted and gaveled like the dictator of *Animal Farm*. Jerry Rubin, veteran of countless Berkeley marches, teach-ins and train stoppages, came straight from Central Casting in a Revolutionary War soldier's costume. Philip Luce, a leftist-turned-rightist, played the title role in "Son of Whittaker Chambers" and revealed boring details of his former comrades' activities. A covey of lawyers sang in every emotional key, from screeching anger to cooing respect. The audience participated on cue; they would have been disappointed not to be ejected from the chamber.

HUAC Hellzapoppin, however, is not all that funny. The committee is as destructive of personal liberties as it ever was. Prosecutions, contempt citations, ruined careers, wasted energies and political regression could follow the hearings, which for all that have no legislative function. The very existence of the committee has that "chilling effect" on freedom of expression which Supreme Court Justice Brennan has described so well. (For an example of an indirect HUAC threat to the Court, see page 21 of this issue.) HUAC's funny business – investigating the Klan or Communism – is too expensive a joke on the country.

The outbursts, legal tangles and physical violence which have characterized the hearings so far are probably inevitable under the circumstances which HUAC creates. The lawyers and witnesses who appear "obstreperous" to more squeamish observers are laboring under an impossible burden. They operate a world apart from the committee. HUAC sees them as subversive, immoral and conspiratorial; they see HUAC in much the same way. But the committee has invented the game, and any effective counterattack is bound to break the rules from time to time. It is as if Anglo-Saxons were called before a Confucian court. There is no mutuality of trust, no common assumption of what is right and lawful.

The "cool" strategy – going along within the framework of topsy-turvy justice – was not noticeably successful in curbing the committee in the 'fifties. Courts have nibbled away at HUAC, but have not dismembered it. In this most "liberal" of Congresses, only a few men

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have been willing to vote against the committee's appropriation. On the other hand, the strategy of disruption seems to work much better. Since witnesses and their supporters began fighting back (at the wild "Operation Abolition" hearings in San Francisco in 1960), HUAC has been unusually restrained. Quite apart from any principles they may have, House leaders – and Administration officials – think HUAC is more trouble than it is worth. The leadership wants the House to be orderly and dignified, at least in its own terms. The more that HUAC hearings are circuses, the less support they will get from the congressional establishment.

It would still be a mistake to take the current show too lightly. HUAC has made the first major attack on the war protest movement, and if for the moment it focuses on the most shrill and marginal elements, there is still danger for the others. Representative Pool's bill (technically the reason for the hearings) makes it a crime to materially aid "any hostile foreign power" even if war is undeclared. It is also a crime to "advise" others to do so, or to aid groups engaged in such an activity. Possibly, Senator Robert Kennedy would be open to prosecution for condoning blood donations to the Viet Cong. In any case, it is not so great a leap from a strict interpretation to one which would penalize general "aid and comfort to the enemy." The Administration and much of Congress believes the entire war protest already belongs in that category.

The best that could be said for HUAC last week was that it forced a tighter alignment of the anti-war groups than had ever been possible before. The (anti-Communist) campus-Americans for Democratic Action joined with the (non-Communist) Students for a Democratic Society and the (pro-Communist) Progressive Labor Party to protest the hearings. And if that alliance was still tenuous, the committee strengthened it by ejecting Arthur Kinoy, the American Civil Liberties Union attorney, from the hearing room last Wednesday. The front-page photograph of Kinoy in the strangling grip of US marshals is worth a hundred picket lines around the White House. Joe Pool's contribution to the war protest is comparable to Bull Connor's generous gift of police dogs and cattle prods to civil rights.

Whether HUAC is able to continue probing the peace movement – down into its more easily frightened base of occasional protesters – will probably depend on how much political profit Pool and the members can derive from the hearings. So far, it has been a net loss. Pool can barely see out from under the rain of subpoenas falling on him. He may be embroiled in Kinoy's litigation for the rest of his natural life. There is still pending a federal court challenge to the committee's legality. HUAC may seek contempt actions against some witnesses. At least, that would complete the irony. HUAC itself is in contempt of basic decency.

Trigger Happy

Within less than one week, American combat aircraft or helicopters bombed and strafed one Cambodian border town in full view of international observers and friendly diplomats; totally destroyed a Mekong Delta village, maiming 86 and killing 24, mostly women and children; machine-gunned another village, killing 5 and wounding 15; and bombed a friendly town in the demilitarized zone along the 17th parallel. And contrary to Washington's claims that the raids on North Vietnam are conducted with "surgical precision" (the very words used by Vice President Humphrey), the France-Press Agency representative in Hanoi reported recent attacks in the Haiphong area caused severe civilian casualties.

For anyone at all conversant with aerial warfare, this should not be too surprising. After all, Washington's most venerable military installation, Ft. Lesley J. McNair, is named after an unfortunate general who was killed on July 23, 1944, by a massive United States Air Force raid which was supposed to breach the Normandy beachhead front, but nearly destroyed the 9th and the 30th US Infantry Divisions instead.

But what surprises and shocks in the Vietnam case is the now clear-cut revelation of what can befall an unfortunate rice-thatch village that happens to be located in a Viet Cong-controlled zone: apparently, regardless of whether it is inhabited by civilians or not, it is subject to total obliteration. "Structures" as such – the new military jargon for any kind of hut – are targets to be destroyed, as is amply borne out by television coverage of ground operations as well. War never descended to *that* kind of barbarity at least in Western Europe, where aircraft would not attack villages and where even the Nazi destruction of such rural communities as Lidice in Czechoslovakia, Oradour in France, or Stavelot in Belgium, remain odious exceptions to be remembered forever.

The fact that such targets were allegedly "pinpointed" (from an office at provincial headquarters, tens of miles away) by a Vietnamese official does not excuse anything. It merely indicates that the whole targeting policy is dead wrong and is badly in need of a change. Communist guerrillas in Vietnam have been known to fire deliberately at spotter aircraft from a "friendly" village in order to be able to demonstrate to the hapless population the incredible ruthlessness of the Saigon regime, which is capable of calling that kind of destruction upon its own people. In other words, our bombing policy, whose military uselessness has been amply documented by Defense Secretary McNamara's statistics, is merely adding grist to the Communist propaganda mill and recruits to the Viet Cong's ranks. And what it does to America's reputation in Asia and

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elsewhere can be left to the reader's imagination.

Regardless of whether or not the whole war is wrong (and we think it is), there is no reason to add unnecessary pain and devastation to a bad policy. As in Europe during World War II, rural towns and villages should be totally exempted from bombardment except in direct support of committed ground forces and in the face of determined resistance. "Free bombing" should be prohibited over any inhabited area. And the answer to an isolated volley of shots against an observation plane should be a house-to-house search by troops on the ground, not blind destruction from the air against a whole harmless community. We do not condone the terrorism of the weak when he surreptitiously places a bomb by hand in a Saigon restaurant. But we can even less condone the terrorism of the infinitely strong who blindly deals death and destruction with almost total impunity from high-performance aircraft.

It was a recently retired Air Force general who asserted that we could easily win the Vietnam war by bombing the Vietnamese "back to the Stone Age." He may not be far off at that – except that, morally speaking, we may be bombing *ourselves* back to the Stone Age as well.

Prices and Profits

President Johnson, like British Premier Harold Wilson, apparently can't break the habit of conducting the government by reacting to newspaper headlines; by doing so they often seem to hurt their cause. Desiring to paint a rosy picture of the economy, Mr. Johnson authorized three Administration statements in three days on the battered wage-and-price guideposts. Thereby, he only focused attention on inflation.

The President, irritated by newspaper stories, called a press conference in order to deny that the Administration is dropping the wage-and-price guideposts. His denial cannot obscure the fact that business has long since scrapped the voluntary anti-inflation standards. Labor is a Johnny-come-lately at the game of tearing down the guideposts.

The steel price increase was a pointed lesson in the failure of the guidelines. The industry made much of the fact that the price hike on flat-rolled sheet steel amounted to only 2.1 percent, substantially less than the 3.2 percent average national increase in productivity. What the companies and the White House both neglect to mention, however, is that the guideposts call for price *decreases* in industries whose annual rate of productivity growth exceeds the national average. Productivity in the steel industry rose by 4.2 percent in 1964 and by 3.7 percent in 1965, while labor costs per unit decreased by 1.2 and 1.6 percent in those years according to the government's Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Steel, however, did not lower prices. Nor have the airlines filed for a general reduction in fares, despite productivity increases of more than 10 percent every year since 1962, also according to the BLS. (There have been some selective reductions in air fares but no across-the-board decrease.) Nor has the automobile industry reduced prices, although its output per man-hour has increased by an average of 4.9 percent a year in the postwar period.

The list is a long one, and it prompted Senator Gaylord Nelson to charge that "examples of shameless profiteering throughout the economy are multitudinous." The guideposts, Nelson said, have served to keep wages down, but not profits, and many economists agree. A key White House aide says privately that "we have just got to find a way to get businessmen to reduce prices." But he adds with gloomy candor that the Administration has no idea how to go about this.

's' Vonderful

A New York judge has turned down a request by a citizen to add "von" to his name. Petitioner Robert Paul Jama explained that he just wanted it to sound more German and less Slav, but Judge Maurice Wahl refused, because the Constitution says no title of nobility shall be granted by the United States.

Some of us thought you could call yourself anything you wanted to in this country, including King Cole, Count Basie and Duke Ellington, to name a few. Hitting at as subtle a play for nobility as "von" suggests that both past and present celebrities are in for some editing. It's hard to imagine the late show featuring somebody called Erich Stroheim or an interview with that missile expert, Wernher Braun. An evening with TV should provide a whole new set of personalities.

One could start with a panel show featuring the ever-popular Dorens: Charles, Mark and Mamie. Then a discussion of the Allen Belt, and at 11:30 the legendary Rip Winkle in a modern Hollywood version directed by Cecil Mille. Sponsored, of course, by the outstanding chemical corporation, Pont. It may sound democratic to say "Joe Maggio," but it doesn't swing, man. Besides, Richard Nixon has warned that the left-wing Du Bois Club, when pronounced with a Bronx accent, sounds suspiciously like The Boys Club, a right-thinking outfit. If you expunge the aristocratic prefix from the former, who indeed can tell them apart?

The matter can't be argued now before the late Justice Willis Van Devanter; anyway, he would have been obliged to disqualify himself or change his name to Willis Devanter. Or perhaps Willis Vanter. Or should that be Willis Ter?

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The *Herald-Tribune*

Gazing down at the corpse of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, Mayor John Lindsay said that she had been a grand old lady; he didn't add that she died because she stopped getting the expensive treatments that kept her alive. The paper and its predecessors reach back 131 years, which made the *Trib* old indeed, but she never wore lavender sachet. The fact that the end came during a long strike, after the *Trib* had been sent to live with her frugal relatives, the Scripps-Howards and the Hearsts, caused many people to forget that only a few months before she had been a swinging, though very sick, granny.

On the women's page, leggy young models wore the shortest miniskirts and the least constricting brassieres. Walter Kerr wrote the city's brightest theatre reviews. Art Buchwald, Red Smith, and Jimmy Breslin, who were syndicated nationally, had all been developed by the *Trib* and appeared there. The redesigned Sunday paper presented excellent book reviews, plus the pieces by the paper's specialists, dispatches from the *London Observer*, and the direst of pop culture, Tom Wolfe. Walter Lippmann, whose home base for more than 30 years was the *Trib*, and Joseph Alsop, ornamented the editorial page.

The *Trib's* Washington bureau continued to produce important exclusive stories until the end; but its always small staff, which in the early 1950's had been more than a match for the *Times'* in quality if not in size, had been reduced to a couple of men. The *Trib* tried to redress the balance by emphasizing local news, which costs less to produce. It got together a corps of young, hard-working, low-salaried reporters who wanted to get to the big city from Newark or New Orleans or Des Moines. Their output was uneven, but it included valuable investigative reports on conflicts of interest in the state legislature, the investment of state pension funds, the failures of Robert Moses as head of the World's Fair, air pollution and slum housing. This aggressive coverage is thought to have persuaded the town, which for years had fixed its gaze on Washington and foreign capitals, to pay more attention to its own local reporting. And this in fact implies the major part of the meaning of the loss of the *Trib* for New York. Covering the same story, the *Times* and *Trib* reporters could never be sure that the other wasn't onto something good. As a result, they both worked harder.

Now the *Times* becomes the sole arbiter of reality in New York. It is a position that the paper's executives, who must in any case suppress onsets of justifiable self-satisfaction, hoped to avoid. But the *Times* in the future cannot look for any assistance from the *News* and the *Post*, the only other general interest papers which are now being published in the city.

The *News*, which has the resources to provide fuller and more sophisticated coverage, remains wedded to the dismal sex-money-and-blood formula of the 1930's. The *Post*, which itself skirts the bankruptcy line, can do little more than rewrite and comment on the news that appears in the *Times*.

The years of the Second World War were highly profitable for both the *Times* and the *Trib*, and in 1950 the *Times* led in daily circulation by only 545,000 to 341,000. But by the time the *Trib* decided its audience would be the young, bright, middle and upper income New Yorkers and suburbanites, the chance was missed.

By 1960, the *Times* had increased its daily circulation to 686,000 while the *Trib* remained virtually stationary at 352,000. Its Sunday circulation had dropped slightly to 545,000 while that of the Sunday *Times* had increased by 200,000, to 1,372,000. The full force of the disaster of the decade was seen in advertising. In 1950 the *Times* had printed a total of 39,600,000 lines, to 22,300,000 for the *Trib*. In 1960 it was 62 million to 19,600,000.

The *Trib* enjoyed a brief phosphorescent glow under the circus editorship of John Benson in the early 1960's, raising its circulation to 400,000. But it lost its momentum during the four-month printers' strike of 1962-63. When it returned it raised its price along with the *Times* from a nickel to a dime, but that brought no salvation.

The *Trib* reluctantly agreed early this year to the merger with the *Journal-American* and the *World-Telegram and Sun* which had also been losing money for several years. It would have enabled the *Trib* to retain its identity in the morning and as part of a hybrid *World-Journal-Tribune* on Sundays. But contract bargaining broke down with the Newspaper Guild, which represents clerical and editorial employees, largely on the issue of seniority and job protection. The papers, which were to have appeared on April 26, could not publish. As the strike wore on the *Trib's* best reporters got other jobs.

TOM BUCKLEY

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Gradualism at HEW

The Department of Health, Education and Welfare has been praised widely for getting so many of the nation's hospitals to stop discriminating against Negroes. By last week 7,071 of the nation's 7,469 hospitals had been approved to participate in the Medicare program – 94.6 percent of all hospitals in the US. This should mean these hospitals no longer discriminate. At least they have satisfied HEW that they don't.

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Hospitals applying for Medicare had to file with HEW an "assurance of compliance" with Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. The section prohibits discrimination in federally supported programs and provides for deferral of new grants and the cutting off of existing programs where discrimination is found. To prove to HEW that their assurances of compliance were good, hospitals completed a "medical facilities compliance report," a questionnaire asking, among other things, the number of Negro and white patients and staff members and whether facilities were used freely by all patients. If both the required documents were in order, hospitals were approved. Some hospitals were spot checked by field inspectors, but otherwise unless questionnaires looked odd or someone complained, HEW was satisfied.

Since there was concern over the impact of Medicare on facilities and hospital staffs once 19 million old people became eligible for benefits, officials wanted to bring as many hospitals into compliance as possible. Only 198 hospitals applying for Medicare have yet to be approved.

On August 9, the National Medical Association, the Negro counterpart of the AMA, gave a special award to Mr. Robert M. Nash, the chief of the Public Health Service's new Office of Equal Health Opportunity "for his contribution in bringing quality medical care to all Americans."

The success of Title VI implementation has been attributed to the leverage HEW has in insisting that discrimination cease *before* funds are made available. Once a program has begun and federal money has been spent, law requires complicated hearings and, in some instances, judicial action to terminate a program. The process could be never-ending (and two years after passage of the law it has yet to be tried in any of 50-odd federal health programs). HEW remembers well how difficult, and ultimately disastrous, it was to cut off federal funds to the *de facto* segregated schools of Chicago. Political pressure (from Mayor Daley) applied to the right spot (President Johnson) made HEW reinstate $30 million. Medicare was to be different. It was a new program and the Administration was committed to the policy of "no desegregation, no Medicare." Deputy Surgeon General Leo J. Gehrig told the Ohio Hospital Association March 31: "We will give the hospitals a chance to eliminate whatever discriminatory practices we find – but we will ask them to do this *before* [italics mine] they are cleared for participation in federal programs. We will not accept a gradualist attitude, or mere token gestures, on the part of the hospitals nor will we accept promises of future action. . . . In two words, we mean 'total' and 'now'."

Until August 11 there was little to do but accept all this at face value. Then the Public Health Service announced that eight Georgia hospitals had been told that they "must take effective corrective action by September 15 *to eliminate remaining discrimination* [italics mine] in granting of staff privileges to Negroes and in the referral of patients by some members of their staffs." All but one of the eight hospitals – Crawford W. Long, Emory University, Georgia Baptist, Hughes Spalding, Jesse Parker Williams, McLendon, Piedmont and St. Joseph's Infirmary – had been certified to participate in Medicare late in June. Georgia Baptist, the sole exception, was approved August 11 – the same day it received a warning to "eliminate remaining discrimination" – on the basis of "substantial changes" in its practices.

The warnings were contained in letters to the eight hospitals and were based on "intensive surveillance" of practices in the Atlanta hospitals by the Office of Equal Health Opportunity during July.

The report was in response to complaints filed by a group of Negro Atlanta physicians that only one of Atlanta's hospitals (Holy Family) had made more than token steps toward integration of hospital staffs and wards. The report bears out the complaints. It found that although facilities had been "desegregated" the pattern of admission to the Atlanta hospitals had not changed. For example, when HEW field personnel visited Jesse Parker Williams hospital in mid-May (before the hospital was approved for Medicare) "it had no Negro patients." It had none throughout the month of July (after approval). With few exceptions this was true all over the city. White patients were admitted to traditionally white hospitals; Negroes to Negro hospitals. It hardly matters that hospitals no longer have segregated facilities if staff doctors persist in referring patients in a discriminatory manner. (Forty-four of 135 physicians admitting both white and Negro patients to Atlanta hospitals in July sent all of their white patients to white hospitals, all of their Negro patients to Negro hospitals.) HEW may not have anticipated this situation before it approved seven of the eight hospitals. But how, on the basis of evidence gathered in July, could HEW justify newly certifying Georgia Baptist, for which the same referral patterns existed?

The report is full of evidence of tokenism and gradualism – the kind of progress the Deputy Surgeon General said would not be stood for. Negro doctors are still finding it difficult to get staff privileges in previously white hospitals. According to the report "change is occurring . . . but slowly." In how many other of the 94.6 percent of the nation's hospitals approved for Medicare are such tokenism and gradualism being tolerated?

Title VI was passed two years ago; it became effective January 1, 1965. The Atlanta hospitals were discriminating then and they are now. No action has been taken to shut off Medicare or any of the other federal

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health programs there or elsewhere. Robert Nash said last week that a number of cases would soon go to OEHO's enforcement unit for possible action. Dr. Gehrig said there are cases "moving toward being cited for a hearing," that such action was "relatively imminent." But he refused to say that action would be taken to cut off funds to the Atlanta hospitals *even if they fail to meet PHS's September 15 "ultimatum."* "It would be inappropriate for me to presume what would be the result," he said. Both he and the Surgeon General's office declined to divulge the contents of the warning letters sent to the Atlanta hospitals, saying they are confidential and up to the hospitals to release. The PHS press office was more cooperative. The letter sent to St. Joseph's said in part: "If compliance cannot be secured by voluntary means, proceedings would be in order . . . which may lead to termination of or the refusal to grant or continue federal financial assistance." The Georgia doctors think it is past the time for "may" and "would be in order." Both Rep. Charles Weltner and Rep. James Mackay, Atlanta Democrats, have repeatedly called HEW officials trying to pressure them into going easy on Atlanta. They have been successful.

HEW officials, according to the Negro doctors, promised early in July that if the review of the Atlanta hospitals did not show full compliance with Title VI, action would be taken. They took this to mean that funds would be cut off. But when HEW officials visited Atlanta again on July 27, it was clear they had changed their tack. Dr. Gehrig spoke about "progress" in eliminating discrimination (his prepared speech had said "substantial progress" but he apparently thought better of it). "We did not expect our problems to come to an end on July 1," he said. "Total" and "now" had gone out of his vocabulary. DAVID SANFORD

Cut-Off in Boston

The Health, Education and Welfare Department need not have backed off from withholding federal funds from segregated schools, if it had chosen to move first not in Chicago but in Boston, where the fund cut-off would have been accepted and secretly cheered by most of the local establishment.

Boston has 65,000 Negroes in a population of 695,000, and about 25 percent Negro enrollment in the schools. The Roxbury-North Dorchester ghetto is crescent-shaped, so that redistricting and a little busing (traditional in Boston) would break the pattern of segregated schools. Since 1963 the five-member elected school committee has refused to admit there is a *de facto* problem. But the newspapers, the chamber of commerce, Cardinal Cushing and scores of other leaders have attacked that position constantly, with small but progressive success. The state of Massachusetts, true to its abolitionist traditions, has done what the federal government avoided doing. The legislature passed a law that forbids more than 50 percent nonwhite enrollment in any public school; the law is based on mounting evidence that "racial imbalance" is destructive to the goals of education. Three small cities quickly desegregated. Boston's school board has stood firm, and to date the state Office of Education has held up about $30 million from Boston schools.

It will be next June before Boston's tax rate registers the added cost of running schools without state aid. The projection is a boost of $9 per $1,000 valuation on the already exorbitant real estate tax. Meanwhile a decaying system, already underfinanced with a yearly budget of $48 million, stands to lose $16 million a year, plus millions more in construction funds, when new buildings are badly needed. The imbalance law is still being tested through the courts, but meantime the state says class make-up in 46 schools must be changed by redistricting and some busing, or no state funds. HEW staffers in Washington watch with fascination. "There is a point at which the price gets too high for segregation," one of them told me recently, "and Boston has just about reached it." No thanks to HEW.

Through "Operation Exodus" the ghetto parents have raised money to bus 400 youngsters to white schools. In the coming term another 200 will attend white schools in suburban towns which will pay tuition and transportation costs. On August 17 the Operation Exodus parents announced formation of their own school board, which will try to improve the ghetto schools with or without the aid of the Boston school committee. This concept has been embraced by Stokely Carmichael and other civil rights leaders, and is the forerunner of a national organization called the Urban Committees for Human Rights Unlimited (UHURU). Similar *de facto* school boards are being considered in Washington, Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles and Albany, Ga.

The federal government could withhold another $5 million from the Boston school budget if it applied Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. Its timidity has not been lost on Southern congressmen. Georgia Republican Howard Callaway on August 9 offered an amendment that would add this sentence to the bottom of Title VI: "Nothing in this title shall be construed to authorize action by any department or agency to require the assignment of students in order to overcome racial imbalance." The amendment passed the House by voice vote. JAMES S. DOYLE

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Rival Arabs

Beirut

In spite of concern over attacks on Israel at the Sea of Galilee by Syrian Russian-built planes – in response to Israeli aggression, the Syrians of course say – a new order is emerging in the Middle East, its broad lines laid down by two symmetrical visits: that of Premier Kosygin to Cairo in May followed closely by King Faisal's to Washington in June. In each case an Arab state sought the aid and counsel of a great power against its local rival. Yet at this moment in international relations, neither Russia nor the United States is interested – or indeed can afford – a head-on clash. Both are edging warily toward each other, in mutual fear and distaste of China. The Middle East is an area where they are prepared to compete as vigorously as ever, but not to fight. They will pick up what political and economic gains may be going, but they will not seriously threaten each other's interests.

Take the Nasser-Kosygin relationship first. In Cairo, the Soviet premier publicly endorsed Nasser's Yemen policy. He approved Nasser's strategy of hanging on there at least as long as the British remain in neighboring Aden, and echoed the Egyptian leader's virulent attacks on Western imperialism and its "reactionary" Arab friends – notably Faisal. But, and this is all important, Kosygin withheld support for Nasser's reported wish to strike at Faisal's supply bases on the Yemen frontier.

Kosygin fully understood that if Nasser attacked Saudi Arabia, America would inevitably intervene on the Saudi side and the fat would be in the fire. Not only would Russia and America find themselves eyeball to eye-ball across an Arab fence, but Russia would be saddled with the burden of feeding Egypt – a task now largely undertaken by America. So Kosygin pulled in the reins and the danger of an Arab war in the Middle East receded.

What of the American-Faisal relationship? The Saudi monarch had asked the US for unstinted US support in his life-and-death struggle with Nasser's revolutionary camp which, he argued, has been taken over by the Communists. Faisal had asked Washington to guarantee the integrity of his kingdom against Egyptian air attack, but he had also argued that American aid to Nasser is contributing to the destruction of Western interests in the Middle East and that it plays into the hands of Moscow.

America's response strategy resembles the answer Kosygin gave Nasser. The US is ready to protect Saudi Arabia against unprovoked Egyptian attack, but is reluctant to go along with Faisal in cutting off all aid to Egypt. The cardinal rule of America's Middle East policy is not to take sides, but to keep channels open with all-comers and not be trapped into backing one side against the other. The US knows that to plump body and soul for Faisal would mean risking a confrontation with Russia.

The United States keeps up the flow of aid to Nasser in the face of gross provocation. The US is dragged through the mud of Egypt's press, is accused of imperialism and daring to interfere in Egypt's domestic affairs, faces the spectacle of Egypt moving closer into the Soviet embrace, and makes a thankless contribution to Egypt's transition to socialism – a process which is accompanied by a good deal of arbitrary violence against "class enemies."

And yet, both Faisal and Nasser have a role to play in the debate which the Arabs are conducting in their search for nationhood. For the US to abandon Nasser is to give up hope that the Arab world will evolve an indigenous radical alternative to Communism. To abandon Faisal is to give up hope that the Arabs will ever succeed in reforming and modernizing their society without destroying its moral basis in Islam.

Faisal has this year seen his star rising in the Middle East. His Islamic crusade – pursued in a number of state visits from Iran to the Sudan – has struck many a chord in Arab breasts still deeply loyal to religion. But it would be folly for the West to see Faisal as a heaven-sent alternative to Nasser. The two cannot be compared: they – and what they stand for – must coexist for many years if the Arab world is not to run with blood.

Faisal is a shrewd and cautious man, deeply anchored in the traditional theocratic life of Arabia. He is both king and imam, both temporal and spiritual head. He has also traveled widely, in the US, Europe and the Soviet Union, and knows the facts of international life. Foreign affairs have been his special interest.

But – after two years of supreme power – it is still far from clear how far Faisal intends to apply at home what he has seen abroad. Terms like constitution, political parties, trade unions are not part of his usual vocabulary. The only constitution of Saudi Arabia is the Holy Koran.

Faisal has two great achievements to his credit. The first was his financial salvage operation which carried Saudi Arabia from bankruptcy to robust health. The second achievement of Faisal was to steer his country through the dangerous rapids of the Yemen war which threatened to engulf Arabia.

Faisal is, of course, vulnerable to an assassin's bullet – but so is Nasser. If either disappears through violent means, the Arab world may not easily escape bloody upheaval, which it must be Western policy to prevent.

Patrick Seale and Irene Beeson

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American Amok

Is the Gun-Ridden USA a Violent Nation?

by Robert Coles

This summer private madness briefly managed to push aside the wars, riots and strikes that bedevil us. Pictures and stories cut a swath through the front pages of the newspapers, showing and telling a horrified and confused nation that merely unfortunate or even exemplary men can become in a flash murderers, striking out of nowhere at anyone for reasons that never quite measure up to what they presume to explain. We learned that a "bewildered" Richard Speck, pictured looking just that, was declared by his lawyer not guilty of recently strangling and stabbing eight nurses to death in Chicago. We learned also that Charles Whitman, initially described as a model citizen and student, had the day before gone wild on the University of Texas campus, shooting and killing in all directions from the top of an observation tower, and in the end establishing something of a record for himself in the annals of what might be called American *amok*.

A few days after that, an 18-year-old school dropout told Texas police about the murders of two schoolboys and a schoolgirl he said his 20-year-old companion had shot and strangled. All over the world, those who needed additional evidence that America is a violent, murderous nation had it; and those who did not need it but wanted it for their own purposes also had it. The extent to which political commentators use events – of almost any character or incidence – to lend weight to one or another ideological persuasion perhaps goes unnoticed until the theories suddenly emerge, apparently ready-made and waiting for their chance. We were once again proven a savage, uncontrollable, unpredictable, gun-ridden and murderous people, with our pilots showering upon Asians the same brutal iron a Texan youth blasted down on his classmates in Austin.

Another category of observers heard from were those whose interests center not on nations but individuals. We learned that the message on Richard Speck's tattooed arm – "born to raise hell" – showed the long standing and so to speak ingrained character of his violence. (I suppose thousands of men are now wondering what *their* tattoos forebode.) The man was described as a drifter, though a cunning psychopathic one who could successfully calm and persuade a room full of girls to comply with his wishes. A number of outraged people see the kind of justice our Supreme Court has now demanded as threatening that the murdered nurses (and the rest of us) go unavenged.

We had no reason to worry about having Charles Whitman's head, but we were particularly anxious about what had gone on inside it. If Speck was the obvious (and reassuring) marginal man, Whitman at first seemed little more than the good American everyman, as we quickly found out. His credentials were imposing: a former Eagle Scout, a former Marine, a Scoutmaster, a good student, the handsome and eminently likable husband of an attractive woman. What else could we do but somehow find him secretly but decisively flawed?

In the effort no one was spared – members of the family, friends and experts, both willing and reluctant. Within hours of the tragedy Whitman's father stood before the hungry, prying and poking devices of men who wanted to capture his looks and get him to speak his story. What did he know? How could he account for it all? Since the police had armed the interviewers with a précis of Whitman's last, disordered notes protesting father-hate, it seemed only appropriate to rush to his father, confront him with the facts and ask him all about the family's bad blood – particularly when the two *women* closest to the "child" were slain, along with another dozen people aimed at from a college building, and more than likely to be age-mates, class-mates, and thus contemporary competitors. If Whitman had ever feared asking his father anything, he died making sure others would have the chance he missed.

Meanwhile there was an autopsy and a discovery, both of which provided information enough to keep everybody curious rather than fatalistically resigned.

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A small tumor was found near the brainstem, and for a while neurologists all over the country were asked whether wildly multiplying cells could produce wild and unintended behavior. Slowly that possibility diminished. The growth was far away from the brain's "thinking area," and it turned out to be slow-growing and benign. In any event, what of those thousands whose nervous systems have been riddled with cancer? Every day they live and die among us, their suffering kept to themselves or shared only with sympathetic loved ones. The pathologist appeared to take that fact into consideration when he made his diagnosis: "an anti-social psychopath." He added that "they are the worst kind," and of course by definition he was right.

For a fleeting second there was the specter of drugs: a number of dexedrines were found in Whitman's pockets. Might he have been excited and driven mad by pills? A less likely or compelling answer from the start, its worth soon faded. A sample of the dead man's blood revealed not a trace of that or any other drug. Naturally, the same logic that had to be applied to the first guess would apply to the second: even more people work themselves up with dexedrine than fall sick to brain tumors, yet Whitman's *deed* was unparalleled in its outcome, and its purpose had only a handful of recorded precedents in our recent history.

From the beginning the psychiatrists seemed the best if not the only hope; moreover, there was information – quickly made public – to support the conviction that underneath it all Whitman was already disturbed months earlier, and in the long run a product of a home whose peculiar troubles in some fashion would produce a sick mind if not a violently mad one. He had consulted a psychiatrist, in the South and West (except for California) not something to be taken for granted. Furthermore, his parents had just been separated, with the mother recently arrived in Texas to be near her son. In interviews with reporters the father called himself a "fanatic about guns"; they were said to hang in every room of his home in Florida. If the father was quickly found to be odd or "fanatic," he was sure his son was a "sick boy." Certainly he was "not the boy I loved and who loved his father." Yes, he had been a strict father, but he had been raised an orphan and in poverty. Indeed, the more he told of himself the more typical (even archetypical) his life became. He had fought his way up with little education and through hard, muscular work to a position of money and respect. In the home he was an admitted bully, but a loyal, loving and generous one – the kind we all know, from top to bottom. To his neighbors he was the head of a stable, and by no means eccentric, family. Still, in Florida the father said his son was ill, though nobody knew what made him *that* ill.

In Texas a psychiatrist might be able to tell. I do not know why the officials in the university infirmary decided to break the utter confidentiality that must protect medical records. No one can deny an eager press and an anxious public the information they have a right to learn. A summary statement could have been issued, and certainly the doctor interviewed; but for a patient's entire psychiatric record to have been instantly made available for no explicit medical reason seems to me at least a panicky reaction to a stressful situation. In any event the report had one distinct surprise to it. There was hostility; there was a history of family tension; there was a problem with study; but amid all that rather common clinical information there was one "vivid reference" made by the patient which the doctor quotes directly. He thought about "going up on the tower with a deer rifle and start shooting people."

Come Back Next Week

There it is, the deed predicted by the patient and the prediction written down by the doctor. Might it all have been prevented? Yet, as the psychiatrist left off reading his notes to comment on them and put them in the context of his daily work – and the experience of other psychiatrists – what seemed like the substance of welcome reason rapidly turned into the essence of bewildering ambiguity. It seems that many students bring a variety of suicidal and even homicidal fantasies to college psychiatrists, and in the University of Texas those fantasies often center on or involve the tower. To Charles Whitman's psychiatrist – his, only by virtue of one visit – the patient's story was coherent, unalarming, not exceptionally remarkable, but definitely an indication that help was needed, as with many others. Come back next week the student was told. I would imagine that most psychiatrists read of their colleague's sudden predicament both nervously and sympathetically – as well they should. There is every reason to believe Whitman presented himself to the doctor as described: sane and possessed of rather prosaic difficulties that were destined to be transient.

We were left, then, with nothing substantial to "explain" a terrible crime, the obvious rampage of a madman. With each of his friends, acquaintances or teachers questioned, Whitman became steadily more ordinary. True, there were signs that he was on occasion tense; there were signs that he was almost too good; there were signs that he might have had something troublesome "going on" inside him; there was meager hearsay of occasional moodiness or mild, commonplace wrongdoing, such as gambling and even, in 1961, poaching. What it all ironically confirmed was that

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Charles Whitman was a fallible human being.

What is to be said – and done? Two men in rapid succession have once again reminded us of two enormously vexing problems that face, among others, any psychiatrist willing to look even a short distance outside his office. For one thing, we know much more about the way people think and dream than we know about their actions – about what they do or will do. For another, we face terribly complicated issues when we try to go from an individual's illness to the various disorders that plague the masses of individuals we call a society or a nation.

We *now* can rummage over the lives of Richard Speck and Charles Whitman and raise our eyebrows knowingly over this and that detail, but to little avail. There are fiercely suspicious and sullen people whose minds are commonly worked up by hate and rage, whose thoughts in a second can be determined insane, whose parents may or may not have exceeded Speck's or Whitman's in roughness, toughness or worse – yet by the thousands they walk the streets a danger to no one but themselves. We simply do not know right now what specifically makes for the way people choose to act or find themselves acting, for the good or the bad. We can throw psychiatric labels around here and there.

"Another good customer gone wrong."

We can connect crimes to complexes and trace the gifted man's productions all the way back to his mother's womb. In doing so we only appease our own craving for answers and explanations. For every quiet, apparently harmless individual who becomes a criminal are there not dozens of manifestly angry and even crazy people who not only commit no crimes, but live extremely useful lives? Do not many so-called "ordinary" people share whatever pattern we find in a gifted person's personality? These are yet riddles, not ones to shame any profession, but not ones to go unacknowledged, or be buried in a display of wordy and dogmatic psychiatric interpretations.

Nearly 50 Shot Each Day

Equally puzzling is the matter of what to recommend for a society startled by these recent atrocities and presumably anxious to prevent their recurrence. As we were in 1963 after President Kennedy was shot, we are again reminded how readily guns can be obtained, not just rifles for hunting, but pistols and automatic guns for human slaughter. The figures are appalling: Americans are killed by fatal shootings at the rate of 17,000 a year, or nearly 50 a day. In this century alone over 750,000 of our citizens have died from gun wounds "at home," as against a total of about 530,000 killed in *all* of our wars, from the Revolutionary War to the present one in Vietnam. Nevertheless, Senator Dodd's fight to place even modest controls on the sale of weaponry has failed. There is a powerful rifle lobby that watches our legislators from impressive headquarters in Washington, and it is more than a match for any support Senator Dodd may gain from the general (unorganized) public.

An Oswald or a Whitman calls attention to the millions of guns about, but only temporarily. People say it is dreadful, what has happened; then they ask whether a law restricting access to guns might have prevented the tragedy. The answer is that of course a determined murderer can get around any bill Congress is even remotely apt to pass and find his weapon. That is not the issue. Every psychiatrist has treated patients who were thankful that guns were not around at one or another time in their lives. Temper tantrums, fits, seizures, hysterical episodes all make the presence of guns an additional and possibly mortal danger. In this country today children can obtain guns by mail-order. I have treated delinquents who have grown up with them, not toy guns but real ones. We cannot prevent insanity in adults or violent and delinquent urges in many children by curbing guns, but we can certainly make the translation of crazy or vicious impulses into pulled triggers less likely and less possible. It is as simple as that, though many politicians refuse out of

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fear to let it be as simple as that.

There is, finally, the need we feel to make larger sense of individual behavior. Curiously enough, it is easier to deal with a mass murderer such as Whitman than with the concentration camps and battlefields this century has witnessed. We can call one man a lunatic (for what he has done, if not for what doctors can discover in him). That is, we can understand why he may have *felt* violent (and violated) even if we still do not comprehend why those feelings prompted in him the particular action he took. In contrast, what can we say about those many thousands who a few years ago killed millions in gas ovens or through bombing? The further we get from a particular person's words or deeds, the more haunting and nightmarish is the whole business of man's continuing murder of his fellow man. We say Hitler was an exception, a maniac become dictator. Yet, historians, political scientists and psychiatrists will discuss and argue the relationship between Hitler and his times, Hitler and Germany, Hitler and Wall Street or Hitler and the Communists until the end of time without providing what really cannot be provided: a tidy statement that demonstrates how countless people – large segments of whole nations – came to be murdered by the ordinary citizens of a supposedly civilized continent. Accidents, misfortunes, the crafty genius of individuals, complicated historical and political forces combine as "factors" to make any explanation of wars and institutionalized murder incredibly harder than the task facing us with even so puzzling a phenomenon as Charles Whitman.

On the very day Whitman killed 16, about the same number of Klansmen denied before a federal court in Mississippi that they killed one Negro man. If they are guilty, how do we explain *their* actions, *their* minds? What do we say about the mind of a man who wants to be governor of California, and is said to have suggested that North Vietnam be "turned into a parking lot"? How do we analyze the thinking of inscrutable leaders who would sacrifice a country's entire generation to forced labor, prisons and hunger in the name of an abstraction like "dialectical materialism," an ideology whose meaning and purposes cannot really be debated in such countries save by a very few? While "primitive" people have given something like *amok* a cultural form (among the Malay, Iban and Moslem groups of Borneo and elsewhere) mighty and "civilized" nations threaten to destroy everyone alive on this planet. The mind shudders before the prospect of looking at it all, the awful carnage of which man is capable. We turn away in disbelief, or we use every device to justify the unjustifiable. For a second the Whitmans of this world catch us by surprise and make us wonder – but not for much longer than that second, and not to any effect.

Africa, 1966

An Old Hand's New Look at 17 Countries

Bathurst, Gambia

To someone returning to Africa for a 17-country swing after more than 12 months' absence, Dakar's World Festival of Negro Arts, with its inter-African (and even pan-Negro) composition, seemed to set the tone for "Africa, 1966."

The European theory that all Africans are much the same – even the "Africans" of Brazil or Harlem – was mightily challenged in Dakar (to the chagrin of many Negroes and Africans). *West Africa*, in a front page banner headline, asked: "Is Negritude Dead?"

One Dakar stage scene struck another note which echoed along the journey: the Sierra Leone National Dance Troupe carefully weaved its dances around a "plot"; from the death and mourning of a chief, we passed to the tribal election of his successor. John Akar, the troupe's director, played the role of a pre-independence British commissioner, "persuading" the people not to elect their favorite, but instead to "vote" for a fat, clownish figure preferred by Her Majesty's Government. The masses obliged – and joyfully celebrated the election of the candidate imposed on them.

By using the old colonial image, Akar was obviously ribbing the current one-party African states – both the imposition of "elected" leaders and the malleability of the masses, even to the point of rejoicing in their own debasement and the election of the clown.

Akar's audience got the point and laughed, delighted as most West Africans are by the gathering military era all across the continent.

But the jazzy semi-optimism of Dakar faded to a sense of depression as the PanAm Clipper from Senegal crunched on to Johannesburg's Jan Smuts Field, about 3,000 miles away. Here the few nonwhite leaders not imprisoned or restricted, and their brave, beleaguered white allies, see Africa in a more cynical light.

The African states appear to use the white supremacy regime in South Africa, its rather crude rebel Rhodesian counterpart, and Salazar's way of governing his areas south of the Sahara, as a sounding drum, a statement of faith (against racial oppression); but having pronounced the credo, they are not – most nonwhite South Africans and Rhodesians think – much interested in a solution. The African states' appeal is to other, more important states to intervene in order to solve

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these African problems for them.

Over southern Africa hang the forecasts of the late George Padmore and Richard Wright – and more recently of Philip Quigg – that it could be the theatre of a world war based on complexion. South Africa is perhaps the only country in which a Communist government would be closer to Western ideals than the one it has. Yet part of the cold-war problem is, by very definition, to restrain the communist content of the southern Africa of tomorrow.

In east Africa, in May, any reporter's flights tended to cross those of the granitic figure of Yakov Malik, Moscow's fence-mending deputy foreign minister, who has a freer hand than the West to act internationally on southern Africa. But Russia's policy in Africa is as confused as the West's, at least so far: it is symbolized by support for both influential Ethiopia, and Somalia, the uninfluential state with a just cause, whom it is worth no one's while to support but whose army is equipped by the Russians.

Throughout the east African area, the (sometimes almost unknown) soldier throws a long shadow already. In Tanzania, President Julius Nyerere's hold on the affections of Tanganyikans is counterbalanced by the political hostility of the Peking- and Pankow-dominated Zanzibari leaders. Nyerere's authority, eroded by the presence of this offshore Cuba – better armed than Tanganyika, and possibly unassailable with its mined beaches – may face the test of survival at any time: probably only the army could arbitrate the succession scuffle, but which of the country's two brigades, Tanganyikan or Zanzibari?

In Kenya, Jomo Kenyatta benefits from both affection and awe against Peking's local candidate, Oginga Odinga, but the fight is also on between Kenyatta and the calendar – he is probably 76 – with the army as the obvious key if the moderate succession he is now preparing is faced with widespread tribal riots.

In Uganda, as in Ghana, political prisoners have become national heroes; and here too the catalytic agent for an escape from party politics wears a uniform and sports a gun.

When Haile Selassie Goes

Ethiopia placidly awaits the death of a considerable emperor, probably the empire's greatest, the succession of an intelligent but uncharismatic, middle-aged crown prince, and therefore what will amount to takeover by a sophisticated officer corps.

West of Addis Ababa, the coups have started. The end has come for what the Nigerian press calls the "chop-chop politicians" – those who "chop" (gluttonize) the material fruits of office. To the outside world, the still-sputtering fuse of coups running over Africa reflects instability; to the Africanist, maturity. It is a "no more nonsense" movement, exemplified by Ghana's optimistic new marketmami and taxidriver motto: "Yoo . . . Never again!"

Yet no two coups in west Africa are quite alike. General Joseph Mobutu, a patriot who hates politics, has achieved and rejected power before, governs the Congo with civilians and "technocrats" and dreams of retirement but in melancholy fact still has to contend with army and tribal revolts.

The coups in Voltaic Republic – with its nearly 200,000 French army veterans – and in Centrafrican Republic have a more openly military look, but depend for support on carefully sifted politicians. The most militaristic regimes of all are in Togo, Nigeria and Ghana.

Togo's coup – the oldest in the area – dates from January, 1963, when Togolese veterans of the French army in Algeria gunned down a popular, honest president, Sylvanus Olympio. Power went to an army council headed by Antoine Eyadema, who fired the shot that killed the former president. The developed south of the country is still hotly in opposition. The diplomatic prediction is of an eventual scission within the army.

Ghana's coup was hysterically popular and still lives on euphoria, confidence in the four-soldier, four-policeman "National Liberation Council," and the considerable international support it gets as it staggers out of over a billion dollars of debts from deposed Nkrumah's corruption and extravagance.

Nigeria's coup was taken over by army "loyalists" who, however, failed to stamp out tribalism; Ibos fear Hausas and threaten to disrupt Nigerian unity.

If the political heritage of Westminster is being scrapped in Africa, so is that of the *Palais Bourbon*. France scarcely troubles to conceal that its policy in Africa has largely failed and that its power is fading fast. The main French sphere of influence now is the ex-Belgian Congo. The more pauperized states – the non-coastal territories, plus Dahomey and even proto-Marxist Congo-Brazzaville – still depend on French budgetary aid. But "we are moving," says a leading French African, "toward Afro-Common Market and even Afro-Euro-American relationships rather than toward a French commonwealth. And our military coups will clash with the 'civilian coup' in France when de Gaulle and authority go."

Liberia, Sierra Leone and the Gambia appear at first to lie outside the current patterns. A senior Western diplomat calls the latter two "the only real democracies in Africa." But all three countries have the same problems as their neighbors.

Liberia's position as an inconclusive American store-window in Africa may improve. The iron boom has run into Brazilian competition and the rubber market has contracted. But, with an economy that is now more

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carefully planned, Liberia is progressing – and waiting for the scuffle that will follow the death of a popular, much-admired president, Shadrach Tubman, and the probable emergence of General George Washington as president.

The coups will not solve all the problems: in some cases, they may not even adequately solve corruption. But they will encourage discipline and efficiency, may help discourage tribalism. The fear is that the soldiers may hang on to power, and thus will succeed only in perverting their own reforms.

The new Africa is yet to come and its nature is uncertain. Meanwhile, the impatient generals are putting the old one – the tribal, corrupt Africa which survived into colonialism and independence – through a rigid course of corrective training.

Russell Warren Howe

Mr. Howe, *foreign correspondent and Ford Fellow, returned to Africa after a year at Columbia University.*

Games in Fabuland

by James Ridgeway

The government wants the new education industries to help it bring about some stimulating innovations. At the same time, it fears the entire approach may be ruined by some company rushing to be first and producing shoddy merchandise.

It may have been this nervousness that recently led two top officials of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to embark on a rather unusual maneuver. On July 22, Harold Howe II, the Commissioner of Education, and Samuel Halperin, the department's deputy assistant secretary for legislation, went to New York for a private meeting with industry leaders who want to set up a Washington lobby for the industry. This would take the form of a trade association to be called the Education Industries Association, to include members from companies in photography, construction, communications, publishing, scientific instruments and other kinds of school equipment. The idea has been pushed along by Frank Whitney, president of Walter Kidde Constructors, a New York construction concern. Whitney presided over the meeting which was attended by about 25 executives, among them representatives from IBM and RCA, two big electronics companies now heavily committed to education.

Neither Howe nor Halperin endorsed the creation of this association, but the fact that they attended a private industrial conference was indication enough of their interest. Both men left their listeners with the impression that they were sympathetic to the general idea of a trade association.

Halperin pointed out that in the past industry had not been much help in lobbying for education bills. He may or may not feel that with an organized lobby in Washington, the new industry could be a strong lever to work on Congress in Howe's behalf. Everyone in this business understands that the present narrow market for educational products will have to be expanded, and it will have to be done largely with expenditures of government funds.

But trade associations often end up representing the interests of large companies in an industry; in the past, they have provided the façades behind which markets are divided, and prices and products rigged. In education there is every reason to make sure that small enterprises, which in this field are likely to be innovative, are encouraged to come forward with their ideas.

The education businessmen recently held what amounted to their first big convention at the Americana Hotel in New York. This lavish do, sponsored by the American Management Association, brought together about 1,000 educators and industrialists at a series of meetings to discuss the future of educational technology. These were interspersed with trips to an elaborate exhibit hall in the basement.

There, RCA demonstrated its new "Select-a-Lesson" library carrels. Students sit in little booths that are equipped with typewriters, television screens and tape recorders. Using a telephone dial set into the carrel's wall, students can request any one of several different courses. RCA has the carrels set up at Oral Roberts College in Tulsa, Oklahoma. With that system, which cost $500,000, 130 students can dial into 50 different audio programs and into 12 television programs from their various carrels.

At another exhibit the Bell Telephone people showed their new "Tele-Lecture" arrangement whereby a pro-

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fessor can pick up a regular telephone and talk to students sitting in a lecture hall miles away. The lecture hall is rigged with loudspeakers so the students can reply to his questions. An electric pencil enables him to write on a pad at his desk. The diagrams or notes are transmitted by telephone lines and projected on a screen at the front of the lecture room.

While the hardware is fascinating, a good many educators fear there is not a sufficiently interesting and varied array of software (textual materials) to run through the new machines. They are always on the lookout for new ideas in this area, and by far the most interesting meeting of the AMA's conference was one on the use of games as teaching devices.

Dr. Sarane Boocock of the Johns Hopkins department of social relations described her group's research in the Baltimore schools. While it is difficult at this stage to measure precisely how effective games are in teaching, Dr. Boocock felt they helped alleviate some problems in the schools. For instance, she said the school's "reward structure," that is, the method of giving out marks to students, may be upsetting to the students. A youngster who gets a good mark on a paper is punishing his peers, according to Dr. Boocock. Her group had noticed that students all pulled together on the athletic fields, with the coach working to help them beat the opposing team. This led the researchers to inquire whether the teacher might not better be viewed as a coach and the classroom work as a game.

She went on to describe a few of the games that have been tried out. In the Life Career Game students are divided up into teams of two or three players each. Each team is assigned a fictitious student, and the idea is to plan in a worthwhile way this hypothetical student's life. The teams run their students through simulated "real world" problems, such as getting through various levels of schools, and finding a job. The team with the most points wins.

"Now I Know What It's Like"

In the Legislative Game, sometimes called the Direct Democracy Game, players pretend to be congressmen. They are given cards that tell how constituents back home view key issues. Then they get down to the business of simulating a congressman at work. The game provides for sessions in the cloakroom where deals can be made, as well as acting out the more formal parliamentary functions. Dr. Boocock explained that children who had played the Legislative Game frequently would come up and say, "Now I know what it's like to be a legislator."

The national 4-H clubs are interested in these games and want to use them to develop citizenship leadership.

Soon after Dr. Boocock's presentation, the meeting broke up, with members of the audience going off to different corners of the room, or "gaming areas," to try their hand. One group played Crisis, designed by Western Behavioral Sciences Institute. It is a microminiature model for real-world diplomatic problem-solving. The directions said, "You are about to participate in a simulation of an international crisis. You and two other persons will form a team of Chief Decision Makers (CDMs) in one of four fictional nations – Axiom, Burymore, Camelot, and Dolchaveet. Thus, there are 12 players in your simulation. Two other nations will be talked about during the simulation – Ergosum and Fabuland – but they will not be represented by players.

"Your team's objective is to obtain Dermatium for your people and to avoid destruction of your nation, and, of course, to maintain yourselves in office. The Ergosum-Fabuland border crisis will have to be resolved in order for you to reach these goals. Yours is no simple task, since if you assume an aggressive position your nation may become involved in a war. On the other hand, if your people are denied access to Dermatium, you will likely be thrown out of office by the ballot or in a revolution."

If the teams representing different countries wanted to make diplomatic overtures to one another, a shapely blonde courier could be summoned to deliver a note. From time to time analysts would distribute bulletins about the situation on the Ergosum-Fabuland border, and on occasion the teams would join for a meeting of the World Organization and try to hash out problems.

In another corner of the room, more people sat around tables playing Manchester, a game made by Abt Associates of Cambridge, Mass., to teach high school students about the industrial revolution in England by getting them to put themselves in the roles of various "class-types" in the textile market. The players pretend they are laborers, farmers, mill owners or squires, and by bartering back and forth, the students are meant to understand some of the economic pressures that worked to move people from the countryside to the cities. Abt makes games for the government, companies and unions, as well as for schools. It designed Manchester as part of a special unit on the industrial revolution for Educational Services Inc., a nonprofit group that is trying to design a new curriculum for social studies in elementary and secondary schools.

As fascinating as the games appeared, they are apparently too structured for some educators, who are now seriously looking into ways of using both happenings and the new psychedelic discotheques in teaching. Both these latter forms offer the possibility of "enriched experience," as do games, but unlike games, they are "open-ended," allowing the individual to opt for any number of choices, and so are said to be truly creative.

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Alexis Johnson's New Job in Japan

Tokyo

Choice of Deputy Undersecretary U. Alexis Johnson as the new ambassador to replace Edwin O. Reischauer is interpreted here to mean that Washington attaches primary importance to Japan as the axis of American strategy toward China.

Johnson assumes his new job at a time when anxiety is expressed that Japan may veer toward a Gaullist role. Johnson is considered one of the framers of America's "containment of China" policy. It is said he will work to use the present industrial, and potential political and military, strength of Japan as the core of an anti-Communist regional alliance in the Far East.

Reischauer said on August 2 that "both the US and Japan must mutually face the Communist China problem." He frequently addressed appeals to the Japanese (a large majority of whom oppose US actions in Vietnam) in these words: "Is not the United States' fighting in Vietnam ultimately linked with Japan's own interests, in the sense of preventing the spread of Communism?"

Johnson will favor expansion of Japan's military forces, perhaps with initial deployment to Okinawa, an American base over which Japan has "residual sovereignty." Prime Minister Sato supports emergency dispatch of Japanese troops to Okinawa when desired by the United States.

When former Premier Yoshida ratified the US-Japan Treaty of Mutual Security, he said that "with this arrangement our government has decided to have the future fate of Japan shared with that of America in any eventuality." Today, Japan officially supports Washington's stepped-up bombings of North Vietnam as "unavoidable."

Nevertheless, some members of Japan's conservative ruling party favor the kind of approach to China by Japan that France now displays toward the Kremlin. So-called "Gaullists" within the ruling party frequently visit mainland China and have the ear of Peking's leaders. The "Gaullists" include ex-Premier Tanzan Ishibashi; Kenzo Matsumura, senior party adviser and formerly the holder of three cabinet posts; ex-Welfare Minister Yoshimi Furui; and Kaheita Okazaki, president of All-Japan Airways. Aiichiro Fujiyama and Zentaro Kosaka, both ex-foreign ministers, wish to visit Peking.

Matsumura, after a trip to Peking not long ago, said: "Premier Chou En-lai and Foreign Minister Chen Yi talked with me for two or three hours every day for three days. We discussed many subjects, sometimes like young students. At least we talked with each other frankly and eliminated misunderstandings." He said he admonished the Chinese to their faces for their "adamancy."

Fujiyama was foreign minister when the US-Japan security pact was revised in 1960 amid large-scale anti-pact demonstrations. Fujiyama says: "I am ready to go to Peking at any time." He assails Japan's China policy as being too much "under the thumb" of America.

Tokuma Utsunomiya, former deputy secretary-general of the ruling party, says that "unless Japan steps in to help break the Sino-American impasse there is real danger of World War III." Utsunomiya is the son of an Imperial Army general and is a conservative member of parliament; he declares: "Some people say that Mao Tse-tung is doctrinaire and stubborn, but I think that he is very understanding. He is the type of a politician who thinks with his skin."

Another ex-cabinet minister, Yoshimi Furui, thinks that "Japan's prime minister should have the courage to visit Peking and step into the Sino-American dispute as mediator in order to bring about peace in Vietnam, and improve relations between the US and China."

Shigeharu Matsumoto, director of the International House of Japan, wants Americans to recognize the "value of Japan's role" as a moderator. "Can one not hope that Japan might be able one day to act as a bridge between Washington and Peking?" he asks, and adds: "In fact, Japan has been gradually building up a position as a moderator," through trade, journalistic, cultural and other exchanges with China.

The late Tatsunosuke Takasaki, a leading industrialist and ex-cabinet minister, visited Washington two years ago after a trip to Peking and unsuccessfully sought to meet with high State Department officials to tell them about his talks with Chou En-lai. Takasaki said the State Department told him: "We are sorry but the officials you wish to see are very busy."

Japan leans heavily on trade with the United States, and Japan's dependence on the US is rising due to the Vietnam war "boom" that Japanese industries are currently enjoying. Industrial circles say this year's contracts associated with expansion of the Vietnam hostilities may reach $1.5 billion. Newspapers carry frequent reports of worried businessmen who ask: "What will happen to Japan's economy if the Vietnam war ends suddenly?"

Present US policies in Asia restrict elements in Japan which seek a Sino-American *rapprochement*, but provide fuel for another form of Gaullism which aspires to resurrect Japan as a military power, with nuclear weapons. A "defense report" released on July 19 by the ruling party calls on the government to triple present military outlays to 30 percent of the general budget,

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and in mid-February Foreign Vice Minister Takezo Shimoda said Japan will never sign a non-proliferation pact that places Japan in "a position of permanent inferiority." Foreign Minister Etsusaburo Shiina emphatically agrees. Japan would subscribe to such a pact only if the present nuclear powers begin to destroy their stockpiles. Japan could produce nuclear arms quickly; it has plutonium, scientists, technology including notable progress in rocketry. Some experts say Japan will obtain a "potentially operational delivery system" in a year or two, when it employs a four-stage, domestically built rocket to orbit its first artificial satellite.

Japanese looking for a new US-China policy had their hopes dashed at the US-Japan ministerial meeting at Kyoto early in July. There were American demands for "more countermeasures" by both nations against China, especially to continue keeping Peking out of the United Nations. An article in the influential economic journal *Nihon Keizai* said that Dean Rusk was "considering how to use Japan as an influential pawn in America's strategy in Asia." Some Japanese likened the conference to a Rusk "teach-in."

ALBERT AXELBANK

MR. AXELBANK is an American journalist who has been in Japan for some years.

Rumanian Gaullists

Bucharest

Attempts by the Soviet Union to reinforce the Warsaw pact, the Communist counterpart of NATO, again backfired at meetings here. Rumanian leaders rejected Russian demands and sought for their country roughly the same relationship with other Communist countries in Europe as de Gaulle wants for France with the Atlantic Alliance; that is, to remain a member but with the right not to participate in a war if one comes.

Additionally, a territorial dispute seems brewing. The theoretical monthly of the Rumanian Communist Party, *Lupta de Clasa (The Class Struggle,* corresponding to *Kommunist* in the Soviet Union) recalled in its June issue that in 1940 "after the demand of the Soviet government, in a form of an ultimatum, and which the then Rumanian government had to accept, Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina were incorporated to the Soviet Union." Until now this subject was taboo for the Rumanians. The Russians seem ready to pay them in the same currency: Rumanians have great difficulty getting a permit to visit relatives in Soviet Bessarabia.

Several Warsaw bloc countries have agreed to Soviet requests to strengthen and modernize their armies, but not Rumania. Engaged in a huge industrialization effort and investing a large proportion of their national income in new plants, the Rumanians are in no mood to spend more on their army. In recent years they have spent less and less, and their army is small and its equipment out of date. Nothing on the international scene suggests to Rumania she faces dangers that would justify greater defense spending.

Moscow would like its allies to bear more of the cost of the Soviet bloc system, and not just defense. Russia supplies raw materials to Eastern Europe: Soviet crude oil goes to Poland, Czechoslovakia, East Germany and Hungary, to feed refineries and the chemical industry; Krivoi Rog iron ores feed the blast furnaces of Nova Huta in Poland and soon will go to Rumania as well. Bulgaria, East Germany and Czechoslovakia all depend on Soviet wheat and other foodstuffs. This no longer profits Russia for several reasons, the most important being the expense of meeting the satellite countries' increasing demands. It takes a lot of capital to drill new oil wells, build pipelines and mine new ores. The Russians are demanding that allies who need Soviet raw materials contribute their share of investing capital but so far the response has been discouraging.

Economically, Rumania is moving away from Russia and toward the West. The Soviet-Rumanian communique issued after the meeting here did contain a sharp condemnation of the "revenge seekers in Bonn," nevertheless West Germany is now Rumania's number-two trading partner. Last year Germany's exports to Rumania increased by 25 percent while Russia's dropped 17 percent. Rumania's trade with all other Communist countries also dropped. There is a large West German trade mission in Bucharest; Bonn's trade minister is due here in September to sign a new pact.

The Rumanians need American know-how and equipment, therefore want to be on a friendly footing with the US, but feel they can't ignore American bombs falling on North Vietnam. They are miffed over the failure of their attempt to end the bombing. Politburo member Emil Bodnares says it was at Washington's urging that he went to Hanoi and Peking, and returned from Hanoi with the message that there could be discussions if the US permanently stopped the air raids on North Vietnam. Instead, bombing of the Hanoi-Haiphong area was stepped up.

But the Rumanians are even more fed up with China; Chou En-lai in a recent visit to Bucharest tried to persuade Rumanian leaders to sign a communique denouncing Russia and, when they refused, called them "even greater revisionists than the Tito clique."

PHILIP BEN

MR. BEN is a correspondent for Le Monde *and has been touring Eastern Europe.*

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Brennan *v* Tigar

by Andrew Kopkind

> [*First Amendment*] *freedoms are delicate and vulnerable, as well as supremely precious in our society. The threat of sanctions may deter their exercise almost as potently as the actual application of sanctions. . . . First Amendment freedoms need breathing space to survive.* – NAACP *v* Button, Mr. Justice Brennan, for the Court.

To read the recent Supreme Court opinions of William Brennan is to see affirmed and advanced the basic freedoms of American society. To lawyers at least, they are soul-stirring, like old-fashioned Fourth of July parades or an Inaugural Address. *Dombrowski, Jacobellis, NAACP* v *Button, New York Times* v *Sullivan* and others have significantly widened the area in which citizens can express their political beliefs. "Brennan is proud of the First Amendment," a friend of the Court mused the other day; "he thinks he invented it."

Brennan's invention of "breathing space" may apply to the general populace, but it seems to stop short at his own office. Last month, the atmosphere there was positively choking: Brennan fired a law clerk because of his politics. That is the simplest way to put it, but if any of the principals in the case would explain the matter (none of them will), they might offer up any number of qualifications, interpretations and mitigating circumstances, as lawyers and judges do. Even those on the periphery of the case are frightened to talk about it, but one or two have suggested their perceptions: it was a "failure of communication"; the clerk was "unreasonable"; the "good of the Court" was at stake.

Despite the reluctance of those involved to talk, many of the facts are now known. Last spring, Brennan asked his former clerk, Professor Robert O'Neil, to scout around among his students at the University of California's Boalt Hall School of Law for a promising candidate for future clerkship. O'Neil immediately thought of Michael E. Tigar, a second-year student who was at the top of his class and had just been chosen editor of the *California Law Review*. O'Neil knew that there could be trouble about Tigar's appointment; as an undergraduate, Tigar had been in the first generation of Berkeley political activists. He demonstrated against the House Un-American Activities Committee, went to a left-wing youth festival in Helsinki, protested ROTC and favored the Cuban revolution, and was president of SLATE, the student political organization at Cal. There was a file on Tigar in the HUAC offices in Washington, and he had been condemned by California's little league Red-hunters, the State Senate Fact-Finding Subcommittee on Un-American Activities.

O'Neil told Brennan of those black marks in Tigar's copy book, but the good Justice was unimpressed. He agreed to take him as his clerk after graduation the next year. O'Neil was still worried; he knew California politics (and he was a researcher on the staff of the Democratic National Committee in Washington during the 1964 election campaign) and the virulence of the right-wing. Some time later, he saw Brennan and recited again the list of Tigar's undergraduate activities, but Brennan was not moved to reconsider his acceptance of the clerk.

A faculty committee officially endorsed Tigar for the clerkship, and it was assumed all during the succeeding year that he had the job. Then, a few months before graduation this spring, Tigar became a minor political issue. A far-right California publication called *Tocsin* attacked Tigar's appointment. A cosmetics manufacturer named William Penn Patrick, who was running for the Republican gubernatorial nomination on a strategy of out-Reaganing Ronald Reagan, made an issue of "Communism" at Berkeley and singled out Tigar as a case in point (in fact, Tigar had been too busy in law school to engage actively in recent politics; he was often in sympathy, but rarely participated). The newspaper *Human Events* finally made the necessary finding of conspiracy: "Brown, Berkeley, Brennan," it headlined, over a two-column indictment of Tigar (taken primarily from the California subcommittee's report). The story spread across the country on the right-wing's network: Bill Schulz, a substitute columnist for Fulton Lewis Jr., used it one day, and James J. Kilpatrick picked it up later. They believe that clerks make justices' decisions, and they also believe that radical clerks write radical opinions.

Before long, the Pacific breezes were blowing in Washington. Rep. William M. Tuck of Virginia ("of Bavaria," someone said), a member of HUAC, put the Kilpatrick column into the *Congressional Record*. California's Sen. George Murphy built and crossed his own personal bridge from the legislative to the judiciary branch and queried Justice Brennan. Congressmen and the White House were getting mail on Tigar. The Lemon Grove (Calif.) Republican Assembly wrote an

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irate letter – with many erroneous charges – to a California representative.

It was all very disquieting to the justices. The organized right operates at a low level of public visibility but it generates a high level of fear. Representative Tuck's involvement raised the specter of a HUAC investigation, or, which is almost as bad, the public threat of an investigation. There were obvious implications for California – and national – politics. "Brown, Berkeley, Brennan" was too convenient an issue for Reagan, who considers the Berkeley upheavals part of Governor Pat Brown's record of achievements. Reagan has been plugging a *Human Events* subscription drive.

And so, a few days after Tigar graduated (first in his class), Brennan decided the appointment needed a second look. He called O'Neil and another California law teacher, Robert Cole, and voiced his anxiety. The professors relayed it to Tigar, who flew from Los Angeles to Washington to meet with Justice Brennan at the end of June.

Brennan said he would like to have a resumé of Tigar's political activities, for what purposes it was not entirely clear. Tigar hesitated; political confessions are not generally favored by those with strong passions for civil liberties. But he tentatively agreed, and flew back to Berkeley to discuss the proposition with his friends. Two days later, he phoned Brennan and read him the statement as well as a covering letter which, he thought, made it plain that the document would be for the Justice's eyes only. The special relationship between a justice and his clerk might require personal compromises, but Tigar thought that he had no duty to make public confession.

Brennan seemed to agree, at least on the telephone. Tigar dropped the statement and the letter in the mail, returned to Los Angeles, and began a camping trip across the continent with his family in a Volkswagen bus. But Brennan was not entirely content: why was Tigar so adamant in his wish to keep the statement private? Brennan thought he just might let others take a peek: another justice, perhaps, or one or two congressmen. The Justice confided his feelings to O'Neil (Brennan was in San Francisco on another matter) and the professor began to worry. He located the Volkswagen bus somewhere in the middle of the country, and told Tigar to get to Washington as fast as he could to see Justice Brennan.

Tigar arrived on Sunday, July 10. The next morning, he went to the Court. Brennan told him he wanted control of the dissemination of the statement. Tigar refused; he would not testify, informally or formally, about his political beliefs or activities, nor would he let Brennan do it by proxy. The "negotiations" lasted several hours. At one point, an observer reported, Tigar was spirited around corners and into other offices to avoid being seen in the Court. By the end of the meeting, Brennan gave Tigar until Friday, July 15, to relinquish control of the statement. The next morning, Tigar was brooding about the decision when Brennan called to say that no matter what he might decide, he no longer had the job.

Some days later, the matter received minor treatment in the press. The most informative story was in the *Washington Post*, which did not mention Tigar's *apologia pro vita sua;* at the time, it was difficult to get any information at all. By their silence, the actors in the case thought they were protecting the Court, or Brennan, or Tigar. What they seemed to be doing, however, was exaggerating the threat that the right-wing can pose, and limiting the "breathing space" in which personal liberties can operate. "A lot of law students will think twice before getting active in politics," a lawyer said last week.

How much Brennan's decision to fire Tigar was his own is still unclear. Justice Abe Fortas discussed the case with Brennan at some length. Berkeley professors say that Chief Justice Warren took an interest in it before he left for Europe after the Court's term ended. The three justices are close, personally and philosophically. Curiously, all three took an unexpected position narrowing First Amendment freedoms in the recent *Eros* obscenity conviction of Ralph Ginzburg.

Warren may have been aware of the touchy California political situation (his son works in Pat Brown's campaign). Brown's message is that Reagan is a dangerous extremist, and he is careful not to give his opponent cause for a counterattack on the mirroring charge. When civil rights demonstrators were sentenced to outrageously long jail terms in San Francisco last month, Brown refused to act. He has been generally insensitive to the strike of the grape-pickers, and he has avoided identification with the left-wing in his own party on the issues of Vietnam, Watts and Berkeley. A law professor involved in the Tigar-Brennan negotiations said that Tigar's appointment could be used as an issue against Brown and the Supreme Court. "The Chief runs vicariously for governor of California every four years," a former Court clerk remembered.

Tigar's career should not suffer inordinately. He was close to an offer of a job at Yale Law School (where one leading professor said he was "a person of extraordinary talent and promise," and another said he was "easily the brightest student to go through Berkeley in years") when he joined the law firm of Edward Bennett Williams, the popular defense attorney. Brennan will have the services of a perfectly able clerk named Abraham Sofaer, who accepted the post after Tigar was axed. In fact, if Justice Brennan's great decisions were not so good a guide, it would be impossible to tell just who will suffer from it all.

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Roethke: The Lost Son

by Stephen Spender

Theodore Roethke was notoriously a poet of the ego: not the "egotistical sublime" of Wordsworth, but – one can write this today without appearing denigratory – the ego of the alluvial slime. The childhood center of his experience, the great greenhouse of his father's floral gardens, with its roses and orchids and mud and slugs, remained a point of reference for all his later experience. It was the authentic inner "I" one with outer "I" of nature. Roethke could have echoed Wordsworth:

Collected Poems
by Theodore Roethke
(Doubleday; $5.95)

> By day or star-light thus from my first dawn
> Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
> The passions that built up our human soul.

For Wordsworth, the mountains, stars, clouds, rocks, storms and seasons: but for Roethke:

> I was privy to oily fungus and the algae of standing waters;
> Honored, on my return, by the ancient fellowship of rotten stems.
>
> I was pure as a worm on a leaf; I cherished the mould's children.
>
> Beetles sweetened my breath.
> I slept like an insect.

Wordsworth was haunted by his childhood sense of being one with nature. Much of his adult life was spent trying to recapture feelings about the mountains and lakes so intense that later experiences seemed but shadows of them. However, it is a sensation rather than transubstantiation which confronts us with Wordsworth. He gives us impressions of rowing on the lake or climbing the mountains which we seem to feel with the muscles of our bodies. We enter into Wordsworth's poetry so thoroughly, just because he makes us know how it *feels* to be one with nature. He doesn't actually become a mountain or a cloud.

The peculiarity of Roethke is that when he writes about his greenhouse material, he seems, as poet, actually to become it. Or if not to become an insect or a flower, at least, like Alice, to have eaten of the mushroom which reduces him to the scale of the things in whose world he moves:

> The last time I nearly whispered myself away.
> I was far back, farther than anybody else.
> On the jackpine plains I hunted the bird nobody knows;
> Fishing, I caught myself behind the ears.

The resemblance here is not so much to Wordsworth as to Wagner and to some of the more gnomish characters in The Ring. For as Nietzsche pointed out, Wagner's true genius lies not in his gigantism, but in his miniatures of the dust in the attic, the disquieting lives that go on in dark corners. Without there being any question of "influence," Roethke sometimes adopts the tone of the Nibelungs working in the deepest caverns of the earth, of Alberich, the dwarf. The wormy, mineral music of Alberich who turns into a serpent, and then into a frog is very close to Roethke. Who but Wagner could set this to music? –

> Pleasure on ground
> Has no sound,
> Easily maddens
> The uneasy man.
>
> Who, careless slips
> In coiling ooze
> Is trapped to the lips,
> Leaves more than shoes;
>
> Must pull off clothes
> To jerk like a frog
> On belly and nose
> From the sucking bog.

This is the world of Alberich: "*Krumm und grau / krieche Kroete!*"

Roethke's greenhouse poetry is not solipsist, because it is about a world in which the objective becomes the subjective. When we read these poems we are more aware of *things* – "The ferns had their ways and the pulsing rivers" – than of the poet's personality. It is the victory of the object over the subject which has made an unconditional surrender to the environment – Rimbaud's *on me pense*. Moreover Roethke's wholly subjective approach becomes universal and has general applicability because it is, after all, our common mode of perception. Each one of us is an instrument of experience and perception, and the world, as objective experience, is the sum of the perceptions of a great many separate "I's." It is only when an "I" becomes self-reflecting, is aware of its own isolation, treats itself as unique reality, a special case, becomes self-expressive, that an outside spectator observes in all this signs of solipsism.

So paradoxically, it is when Roethke tries to break through his isolation into a life outside himself that we become aware of his compulsive self-obsession. When he is unquestionably imprisoned in his chameleon existence which takes on the coloration of his surroundings, he is the "I" who becomes "the other," of Rimbaud's "*je est un autre.*" But there inevitably is a stage when he becomes aware of the split between the "I" and "the other." Then it becomes a matter of life and death for him to bridge the gulf between insideness and outsideness. The means by which the gulf is to be bridged is, of course, love; and "the other" who can release him from his imprisonment in the self is a woman. When he has dis-

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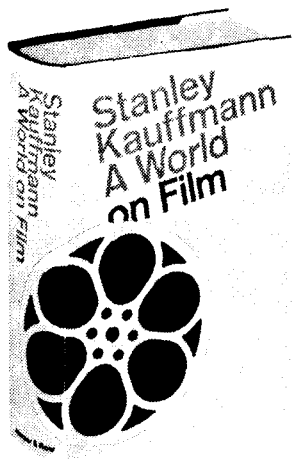

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covered his own true voice, Roethke's poetry divides into three distinct phases: the poetry of isolation; the poetry of bridging the gulf of self and not-self; and, thirdly, the poetry of more generally shared experience.

But Roethke never really does escape from his isolation. His poetry celebrates the will to do so, the impulse, the attempt, rather than the achievement. There are moments of triumph. These are exhilarating but always precarious. For this poet to sing "I love another!" means that he has discovered a moment's unison with another, after which he slumps back tragically into himself:

> I sing the wind around
> And hear myself return
> To nothingness, alone.
> The loneliest thing I know
> Is my own mind at play.
> Is she all of light?
> I sniff the darkening air
> And listen to my own feet.
> A storm's increasing where
> The winds and waters meet.

His love poems have a peculiarly fleeting quality because they celebrate moments of loving, making love, achieved; but the emotion survives the moment not as fusion, but as a felt need. Love is "the dance" and loving is "singing," not just the poet singing, but the beloved joined in his song. It lasts as long as the song. Roethke is sharply different from Wallace Stevens in his failure to turn the emotions realized by his imagination in his poetry into the realities of everyday prose.

The poems of the second phase, in which he celebrates moments of escape into the world outside himself and into love, are extremely moving. They are completely modern in idiom and yet unlike other modern poetry, because most modern poets (Dylan Thomas is an exception), disagreeing with each other about other things, have yet for the most part agreed that poetry should be a weapon of the imagination which will enable them to fight against or come to terms with a world of prose reality. Eliot, Pound, Stevens, Auden, Marianne Moore – Cummings even – all argue in their poetry that worlds of the imagination are as real as the modern prose worlds of science and rationalism. The peculiar appeal of Roethke is that when

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he manages to transform his poetry from the Wagnerian *Wurm*, he becomes Don Quixote tilting against outside things which are really windmills.

In Don Quixote's mind outside things perform symbolic roles in the drama of inward fantasies. When Roethke writes poetry about his relations with the outside world, he often only rearranges the symbols derived from the garden and the greenhouse so that some of them play roles in a drama of outsideness and insideness, which nevertheless remains interior:

Fish feed on fish, according to their need;
My enemies renew me, and my blood
Beats slower in my careless solitude.
I bare a wound, and dare myself to bleed.
I think a bird, and it begins to fly.
By dying daily, I have come to be.

All exultation is a dangerous thing.
I see you, love, I see you in a dream;
I hear a noise of bees, a trellis hum,
And that slow humming rises into song.
A breath is but a breath: I have the earth;
I shall undo all dying by my death.

The idea – if I understand it – is that the poet, through allowing his isolated self to die, enters into that life which is the world outside him. Nevertheless this supposed outside world remains his own creation. Instead of the slug, the bird – but it is only in his imagination that it flies. The bees' humming becomes his song – but for them to become real he has to be singing, he has to invent their reality through the poetry. One dream symbol confronts another like Don Quixote fighting the windmills, but the dream hardly carries through into waking.

If any modern poet corresponds to Goethe's description of the poet as a "sleepwalker" (one keeps coming back, with Roethke, to German examples), it is Roethke. Goethe also suggested that it was dangerous for the sleepwalker to be made aware, through discussion of his poetry in periodicals, of his own development, which should remain unconscious. Reading Arnold Stein's collection of essays on Roethke's poetry (University of Washington Press, $5.95), I suspect that what I myself regard as the comparative failure of Roethke's last poems in the volume *The Far Field* was the result of the pressure of the surrounding contemporary critical atmosphere. In several of the essays in this volume, Roethke's problem is seen as that of achieving "maturity"; and although these were written since his death, he must surely during the latter part of his life have been conscious of the current critical view that his attitudes were immature.

His greenhouse poems, like the poetry of Dylan Thomas, are indeed immature. All the same "maturity" is, to the critics, one of those words directed towards producing a sophisticated kind of intellectual conformism. Whether the reader agrees with me about this, will depend on whether he thinks as I do that much of Roethke's later poetry is simply a skillful exercise in a manner derived from other modern poetry and adapted for the purposes of illustrating Roethke's own dilemmas:

At the field's end, on the corner missed by the mower,
Where the turf drops off into a grass-hidden culvert,
Haunt of the cat-bird, nesting-place of the field-mouse,
Not too far away from the ever-changing flower-dump,
Among the tin cans, tires, rusted pipes, broken machinery,
One learned of the eternal;
And in the shrunken face of a dead rat, eaten by rain and ground-beetles . . .

This is the Roethkeish greenhouse material adapted to an Eliotish idiom in the manner of *The Rock*. "I suffered for birds, for young rabbits caught in the mower," it goes on, and the "I" has ceased to be identical with the material; it has become the confessional "I" of the modern poet in trouble, waiting to be converted to a metaphysics which will provide him with a "structure" for his poetry, and which will be the product of a "mature" personality. Probably this development is a gain in maturity, but if maturity means loss of the poet's uniqueness, and his becoming top candidate in what is really a school of modern poetry paraphasing theology, may not the sacrifice be too great? Many readers will disagree, and in doing so they will have the support of the most distinguished critics in Arnold Stein's collection of essays. But I think that Roethke's best poetry came out either of his early self-identification with an almost sub-human world, or his later inability to relate inner and outer worlds satisfactorily through exuberant moments of love-making. When he approaches the "mature" solution which we find in Eliot or Auden, he appears a lesser poet in their intellectual vein, because his genius lay in losing his way and being able incomparably to express the sense of loss, rather than in finding it along the lines of his great contemporaries. For better or worse, together with Dylan Thomas, he is the lost child of modern poetry.

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The Police and the Law

by Abraham S. Goldstein

There has been a great deal of publicity in recent months about the police and the courts, particularly the extent to which judicial restriction of police interrogation might keep the police from doing an effective job of law enforcement. Though the civil rights movement has given the problem a new importance, the current furor is merely a skirmish in a battle which has been fought vigorously for quite some time. Ever since the Wickersham Commission wrote its report in 1931, it has been apparent that the police are willing to disregard constitutional norms when occasion demands. The norms which have caused the most trouble are those which require that arrests be based on probable cause, that searches be permitted only when they are incident to a valid arrest or when warrants have been obtained, and that statements elicited from accused persons be "voluntary." For most of our history, the courts have left enforcement of those norms either to police and prosecutors or to private damage suits by persons who had been wronged. It has become increasingly clear, however, that law enforcement agencies have not conceived of themselves as self-regulators, that private damage suits were largely ineffective, and that neither the executive nor the legislative branches of government were willing to step into the breach.

Justice Without Trial
by Jerome A. Skolnick
(Wiley; $7.95)

The courts responded to the problem by developing the practice (now made applicable to the states under the 14th Amendment) of excluding evidence which had been illegally obtained – whether through invalid arrest, improper search or illegal interrogation. The underlying theory was that the courts were uniquely positioned to deter police illegality: first, by using their prestige to affirm constitutional norms and second, by giving a highly publicized bite to the affirmation in the form of denying to the police the conviction they had worked so hard to obtain.

In adopting this approach, the Supreme Court has assumed that it would in time have a decisive impact not only on the case before it but on police conduct generally. Yet there is no way for a court to know how the police conduct themselves in the great mass of cases which never come to formal trial and which, therefore, do not involve an offer of evidence which can be excluded. Nor is there a body of scholarly literature to fill the gap. Legal writing tends either to describe the rules which are being developed by the courts for the contested trial or to engage in polemics about their worth. Those who write seriously about the police concern themselves almost entirely with problems of administration. And criminologists devote themselves to the causes of crime and to penology. Nowhere is there a body of writing which tells us what obligation the police feel toward law, what opportunities remain available to them to evade legal requirements, what the effect of such requirements is upon the manner in which police will do the job of law enforcement in the future.

If the gap in the literature is to be filled, we need careful studies by people who understand courts and lawyers, how institutions function and how they affect the persons who man them. In *Justice Without Trial*, Professor Skolnick of the Center for the Study of Law and Society at Berkeley, has added significantly to the literature, equipped with a sensitive eye, a facile pen and a good deal of background in law and sociology. Skolnick devoted a considerable period of time to observing and interviewing police, prosecution and defense counsel of an unnamed Western city, interviewing a great many defendants and acquiring some interesting statistics. The result is a sensitively written portrait which takes us for the first time fairly deeply into the processes of law enforcement, principally at the police stage.

Skolnick's point of departure is the part of the criminal law which involves "justice without trial" – the 90 percent of formal charges which are disposed of by pleas of guilty and the myriad other cases which never lead to a formal charge at all but instead are disposed of through police and prosecutor discretion. In a series of sketches of narcotics, prostitution, burglary and traffic-law enforcement, he shows us a world of police administration dominated by a concern for getting the job done. This concern proves central in all the relationships which the police develop with prosecutors, with defense counsel and with the defendants themselves. It makes the ideology of the worker a more critical factor in understanding police behavior than the "rule of law" which filters down to the policeman from the courts.

In a democratic society, police bring to bear upon the great bulk of cases a work-style which stresses individual initiative and which resists bureaucratic routine. Skolnick shows us, by way of detailed example, how resourceful the police are in dealing with "crimes without victims." In such crimes – ordinarily involving narcotics, prostitution and gambling – there are no wronged individuals to complain of their injuries. As a result, it becomes necessary for the police to devise ways of searching out the offender and his consenting victim. Prostitutes may be threatened with quarantine (for venereal disease examination) or not, as that device offers promise of turning them into informers; narcotics addicts, who are always guilty of using or possessing or selling, are regarded as potential informers in the never-ending search for the "source" of the narcotics supply; burglars who help police "clear" crimes may be rewarded by lighter sentences, even though every crime they "clear" marks them as more guilty; illegal arrests and

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illegal searches are made when a case is unlikely to lead to a contested trial. The picture which emerges is one of ingenuity exercised wherever the applicable law is open-textured enough to permit it. If the "rule of law" binds too closely, the underlying pressures for mass law enforcement lead the police to search for some open texture and for some methods which will enable them to get their work done.

This concern for enforcing the law of crimes even when it means violating constitutional norms is traceable to a deeply-held feeling among police that procedural objectives are of a lower order of moral obligation than substantive ones. It is not alone that doctrines restricting arrest, search and interrogation are regarded as intrusive, because they limit the effectiveness with which the police can solve crimes. On a more fundamental level, the police feel justified in believing that enforcement of laws against crime is the principal task demanded of them by the community. In contrast to the procedural restrictions, which seem to be supported only by the courts, the criminal law comes to the police from the legislature, often with strong support from the executive branch of government and from public opinion. Moreover, the effort to enforce the law of crimes exposes the police to a great deal of danger and hostility. Under such circumstances, it is very difficult for them to share the judicial faith in moderation and restraint. The demand that they sacrifice the primary objective of the work-situation for the seemingly remote and abstract ones dictated by the "rule of law" results in frustration and anger. Whether they are right in feeling frustrated, whether the courts are pressing too hard, whether law enforcement would be seriously impaired if the police were to accept the procedural norms they have resisted in the past – are issues Skolnick does not explore. He tends, perhaps more than he should, to hold the "rule of law" constant as he tries to measure the dynamics of individual and institutional responses.

The lesson which emerges most clearly is that the courts cannot possibly do the detailed job of regulating the police. They can enforce constitutional norms only in the relative handful of cases which go to trial, or which are expected

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to go to trial. For the rest, internal controls are essential. Unfortunately, Skolnick tells us too little about the form such controls might take. He does, however, make one comment which may point the way. In discussing the relationship between police and prosecutor, he notes that the police are quite willing to take guidance from the higher echelons of the prosecutor's office. And the latter, who are law-trained and more responsive to the courts, perform an important mediating function; they tend not only to legitimate the legal norms but also to teach the police how to adapt to them. What may be needed, therefore, is a more direct relationship between prosecutors' offices and the police, modeled perhaps upon the federal Department of Justice and dedicated to the notion of thoroughgoing "civilian" control. Police problems have become too universal to be left entirely to police professionals. Yet they are too complex to be left to amateurs, or to police forces and prosecutorial agencies too small to do the sensitive jobs demanded of them. The logic of events has left us no alternative but to pursue the professional model, while at the same time building democratic controls into it, much as we have done in regulating administrative agencies in the economic sphere.

Failure, The Essential Element

by Lore Segal

Alpha and Omega is a collection of 17 stories which Isaac Rosenfeld wrote in the fifteen years of productivity before his death. The first two or three stories (one added by the publisher though the author had wisely excluded it from the original plan) were written in his early twenties. They sound a little like the baby kangaroo at Pooh Corner crying "Look at me jumping"

Alpha and Omega
by Isaac Rosenfeld
(Viking; $5.95)

as he hops in and out of his mother's pouch. Look at me having emotions, is the message of the story in which Rosenfeld's youthful first person protagonist catches the fat landlady dancing; in another story he witnesses a working woman's shabby despair: How grieved I am for her, he notices with elation for his real grief is his sense of his own banishment from the center of action and feeling, his "exile . . . from history," his "hunger." We want to say, don't *worry* so much. We've all been through it. Come back in a couple of years and we'll talk.

Isaac Rosenfeld comes back four years later, having written his autobiographical novel, to concern himself with life in general. In "The New Egypt" he experiments with a science fiction world in which death is dead. Man is immortal and none of his old troubles trouble him until the rediscovery of the pyramid, first as shape, then as cult: The immortals worship the symbol of death, as a last hope that there might be more to life than life.

What particularly interests Rosenfeld in this least satisfactory of all possible worlds is the point where individual human nature crosses human political organization. He posits situations in imitation of history, or of Kafka, and sends his intelligence, often impersonated by a narrator, to take survey.

In "The Colony," the intelligence belongs to an Eastern leader of a passive resistance movement (founded by Bapu, a saint-like figure given to hunger-strikes). From prison the intellectually and morally subtle Satya observes and guesses at the new experimental techniques by which the mother country attempts to brutalize the oppressed into the image of the appressor. Satya realizes the success of the experiment when he is sent into the presence of his old comrades and they beat him up.

Brutality engages Rosenfeld's 20th-Century mind but not as psychological phenomenon. The brigadier, in the story of that name, tests inhumanity as a tool in the quest for understanding man. The brigadier's self-imposed war-work—what he considers to be

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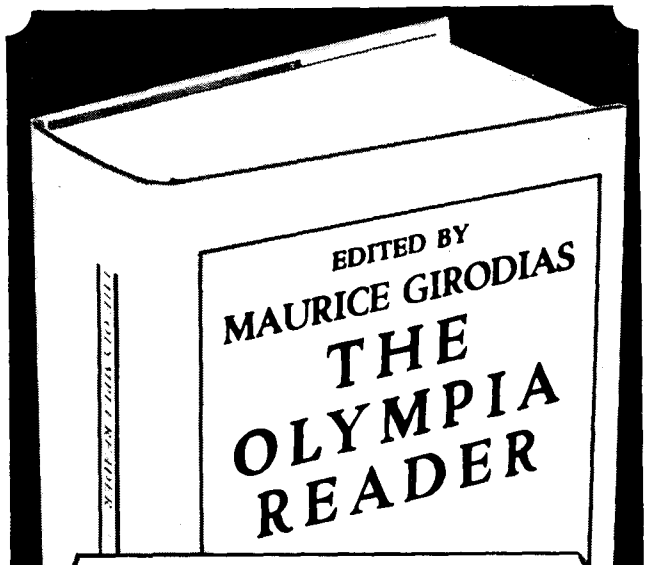

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"the whole purpose . . . of our war, its ultimate meaning" – is the penetration to the heart of the mystery of the enemy's nature. He chooses a member of the enemy race to befriend, love, to then humiliate and torture. He submits to identical torture himself "as if there might . . . be lurking in me . . . an essential particle of the enemy's nature." But he learns "nothing, nothing at all. . . . I have grown hardened to failure," he says. "I . . . expect it now as an essential element of my work."

Failure as an essential element is the subject of "The Party," the longest, most elaborate of Rosenfeld's "political" stories. The organization of the party resembles the conduct of the brigadier's war in being totally outside the grasp or control of those concerned in it. Speaking of the war, the brigadier says, "No matter how well trained our spies, pilots, observers, and scouts may be, we cannot prevent mistakes, repetitions, and inconsistencies. . . . Very often a report so complicated that it seems impossible to submit, is nevertheless a true picture of the fighting." Speaking about the party the comrade reports how miserably things are going in France and Spain.

The older comrades know that "the party, and nature itself, follow their own course." Both the party and the brigadier's war are coeval with history, that is to say perpetually renewed. The party is, for all practical purposes, non-existent, or at least irrelevant. Its interior affairs chronically approach disaster which never more than half arrives. Party headquarters totters, is patched. *The Vanguard* for lack of funds, suspends printing. Speeches continue. The narrator looks from one of his tacky comrades to another: Is it to *him* that I am pledged? And at the leader: Is he trustworthy? And at himself: he knows he isn't. But the tenets of the party, they are clearly "what all men desire, justice, peace, a living wage. . . . But what if we are wrong? Slightly wrong, mostly wrong, wholly wrong?" What, if anything, has being wrong or right to do with being successful? And what if the party should succeed? "Think, some day the world may actually fall into our hands. Then where will we run?" Meanwhile hard and constant work prevents one from succumbing to fear or hope.

But Isaac Rosenfeld always has one more twist. "Can it be . . . that our one hope [is] finally to be rid of hope?" The younger members (known for their hopelessness, the result of their impatience for results) create a faction known as the Ennui Club. They yawn elaborately through meetings. They organize a program of inaction, "to bore from within," and are expelled.

The party cranks to "the end of all things" and now what is one to do with oneself? The narrator grieves. "Again I should like to feel [solidarity] strong about me, embracing us all with a love that is not in politics."

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the complexity of the answer to that one. His stories dealing with love in its sexual aspect are a murky lot. In a bad little story called "Return to Coney Island" the narrator recalls a youthful love that satisfied itself by humiliating its object, finally coupling in the Tunnel of Horrors. Wolfie, an unlovely Village bum, achieves his agony by giving his phone-numbers (wherever *did* he get them?) to a libidinous neighbor. And yet Wolfie loves. In "King Solomon," the king, "paunchy, loose-jowelled . . . his armpits showing yellowish and hairy over the armholes of his undershirt" is nevertheless an object of love. His women lie "openmouthed . . . on couches and rugs at his feet . . . incapacitated by love. Love . . . sustained him." Yet he himself isn't even good at love. "Yours is the power of drawing love," the Queen of Sheba tells him as she is leaving for home, "but you despair of loving with your own heart." And yet, and again another yet, his love is his wisdom – he has no other. "Yours is the wisdom of love," Sheba says, "which is the highest."

When E. M. Forster tells us that the savage is noble after all, he remembers to mention that he is also brutal and stupid. When Rosenfeld tells us that love is a dog-eared, broken-backed, helpless sort of thing, he reminds us that it is, nevertheless love.

This multifaceted thinking is familiar, not in the sense of being common, but kin to the best of our own. Just as the preoccupations of Rosenfeld's juvenilia seemed particularly tiresome for having been excruciatingly ours, we are intimate also with the preoccupations of his maturity, with his very way of dealing in them. The brigadier's war symbolizes the greater number of the world's external situations in which, under the democratic system, we expect ourselves to judge and to act. Membership in the Ennui Club is the political response of many of us.

I submit that it is this cousinship of his thinking that accounts for the immense attraction Isaac Rosenfeld's intelligence had for many intellectuals of his generation. It is a splendid intelligence, muscular, deft, subtle, tirelessly complex. It enjoys itself. It is attractive. And it subverts his fiction.

Rosenfeld's stories are intellectual quests, not fictional occurrences. In "The New Egypt" the "event" is the *study* of death. The storyline in "The Brigadier" follows the brigadier's *study* of the enemy. The "action" in "The Colony" consists of Satya's *thoughts* about himself and the people who are oppressing him.

In "Three Parables and a Dissertation," Rosenfeld amuses himself by turning his method into its own form. He tells three stories, comments on their meaning and concludes "This dissertation is my own parable!" The idea is a good joke but the parables are not good stories.

It is in the Kafkaesque pieces, and in comparison with Kafka's art that we can study Rosenfeld's lack of it. Both Kafka and Rosenfeld see the world two-layered: The apparent logic of roads, yards where dogs bark and houses in which people wash their hair rests on a quicksand of illogic. Both K and Rosenfeld's "I" are questers searching for clarification of a central mystery. "Truth once and for all . . . without this knowledge my doubts and fears are insupportable," complains Rosenfeld's narrator, but we don't believe him: He does not sufficiently "exist" to suffer fear or doubt. He is mere intelligence that has acquired a hand to hold the pen to put to paper. K, meanwhile, is setting one foot before the other, walking bodily through the metaphysical landscape; we know the insupportable will crush him. From the landscape made of words on the paper page, a complex of ideas such as "law" grows like an organism. Compared with it, Rosenfeld's most complex thinking about "Love" will appear simplistic because he has to assemble its concept attribute by attribute and undercut it yet by yet. Though Rosenfeld knows how to use words accurately to define the idea, he does not know how words work to reinvent it in fictional terms. And he does not know how to rework "life" in such terms. Here is a scene from "Wolfie":

> "He [Wolfie] had no girl of his own, not really. Late at night . . . he would sometimes call on a widow, the mother of an eleven-year-old boy, a rather heavy woman who lived in a basement on 22nd Street . . . The boy would often whimper in his sleep and his mother would go to him to return cursing, Goddam it, he's wet the bed again. Get up, Wolfie, change him! And Wolfie would get up."

Rosenfeld is nudging us to feel the pathos of the reality at the base of Wolfie's passionate dream of women, but what we feel instead is a faint aesthetic shock: The reality of the scene with its feel of having been taken intact out of life, has clashed with Wolfie's fictional reality, the way Rauschenberg's eiderdown, taken intact out of life and glued onto his painting, sticks up from the canvas with that same shock of wrongness that is part of the painter's intention, but in fact is Rosenfeld's error.

The character of the paralytic who studies the dance in "Alpha and Omega" is symbolic of Rosenfeld's

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dilemma. Dance, for Rosenfeld comes to stand for the meaning of life or self. He quotes Nietzsche: "If my virtue be a dancer's virtue . . . verily, that is my Alpha and Omega." We recall the fat dancing landlady whose physicalness seemed, to the adolescent intellectual, the repository of life. The paralytic, having mastered all theory is still in search of the very dance. He bores holes through the floor to watch the dancer who lives below and is appalled to find that she has made his own ungainly gait into the subject of her dance. It is only on his deathbed, when the paralytic succumbs to paralysis, that he discovers the affliction to have been, all along, his personal dance, waiting to be accepted, and finds rest in having become one with it.

If we might extend Rosenfeld's metaphor against him, it is because his ideas make life studies of themselves but never become themselves, that his stories fail, that they are – one says it reluctantly – a chore to read. Rosenfeld was a man of words and he was a man of mind. One can deduce that he must have been a delightful and exciting talker, but he was not, by nature, a writer.

Having arrived at the nature of writing we come also to the end of discussion. We can, we do continually probe aesthetic principles, and gain good insights along the way but what it is, finally, that breathes the breath of life into words is the same that transforms inorganic matter into living – a Great Mystery, perfectly impenetrable, and perfectly banal. It is quite the kind of mystery that was the butt of Isaac Rosenfeld's jokes. Only death itself could stop him from trying to penetrate it.

The Scientific-Government-Industrial Machine

by Evert Clark

"Our basic difficulty is that we are still wild animals," Dr. Roger Revelle, director of Harvard University's Center for Population Studies, told Congress last January. "Though we have domesticated many other animals, we have not yet learned to domesticate ourselves, that is, to control our own behavior for our own benefit and that of our fellow men." He foresaw catastrophe if we continued to fail at self-understanding.

The Politics of Research
by Richard J. Barber
(Public Affairs Press; $4.50)

The RAND *Corporation*
Case Study
of a Nonprofit Advisory Corporation
by Bruce L. R. Smith
(Harvard; $7.95)

The first instinct of a wild animal is self-preservation. Man has now exercised this instinct so well that he has the power to destroy himself. This knowledge, and an awareness that science and technology helped to bring him to this state of affairs, are widespread. Unfortunately, the understanding does not go far beyond that.

Two themes run through much of what is being written about science and the citizen today. One is the demand that we climb astride the great scientific-technological machine built since World War II and control it – both because it might become a runaway and because we obviously are not getting from it all the social benefits we could.

The second theme is a turning against, a blind and instinctive desire to consider the machine primarily an implement – and even a cause – of war, to be dismantled or at least blamed for all our current ills and punished in some way.

The first approach is a positive one, no doubt long overdue. The second is a negative reaction, a conspiracy approach believing that the machine invented itself – or that; at best, evil men put it together while no one was looking.

But the scientific-governmental-industrial machine did not build itself, either here or in the Soviet Union. It was assembled, however imperfectly

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or unwisely, by men. In this country, at least, it was not created in secrecy. Civilian presidents, hosts of civilian scientific advisors and the most powerful committees of congress have presided over almost every step.

If the thinking public has become aware of these machines and their faults 20 years late, it is not because the work was done under a giant tarpaulin.

Yet Richard J. Barber, in *The Politics of Research*, finds himself "astounded" that Federal spending for research has tripled in 15 years. And he finds that most of this research "still remains in the shadows, sheltered from the kind of informed criticism that is so important to the effective functioning of the democratic process." This, he says, "is indicative of the clandestine status which has been held by government research throughout the postwar period." Despite the deepest secrecy surrounding even nuclear weaponry, this is a gross overstatement. The general directions of government-sponsored research have been known, and often contested bitterly, from the beginning.

Dr. Barber is a professor of law now serving as a special counsel for the Senate Anti-Trust and Monopoly Subcommittee. The Washington "shadows" have led him into many errors of fact. Confusion of the National Academy of Sciences with the very different American Association for the Advancement of Science is a minor example. He cites "extensive military R&D experience with supersonic aircraft" as a reason why the Boeing Company was choosen as a competitor in the design of a supersonic airliner, using this to prove his point that once in the good old government contracting game, always in. Yet the novelty of Boeing's position in that competition is that it has never built a supersonic aircraft, military or civil.

These lesser errors would be forgivable if there were not also larger misunderstandings in this book. A major target of Dr. Barber's is the scientific-military-industrial complex. But he seems not to realize that it grew because government made it grow, that it was built to arm for survival, and that only because it did the job well do we now have the

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luxury of trying to understand it better, improve it and turn it in other directions. Without understanding the "systems analysis" and "systems management" approaches that were developed to cope with the large-scale problems of arming, Dr. Barber calls for precisely these approaches to government management of non-military science and technology.

A more comprehensive, orderly and judicious use of the nation's scientific and technological resources is sorely needed and Dr. Barber offers many ideas for reform. Unfortunately, he brings too much of a "Eureka" attitude to science, government and their mutual problems. One wishes he had been paying more attention as these problems developed.

Since he has not been a government "insider" for long, his lack of attention may be excusable. Military research and development does make up the bulk of government spending for "science" – though most of the money is really for "hardware." And even though the military establishment claims about 60 percent of every tax dollar, it is given too little scrutiny in or out of Washington. Much of the fault lies with the communicators. As Jules Witcover noted in *The Columbia Journalism Review*, there are 1,400 newsmen in Washington but only a dozen of the 1,600 daily newspapers in the country bother to assign a full-time correspondent to the Pentagon.

How was it possible for the gigantic, clanking, awkward science machine to reach proportions and take paths that alarm some and should concern all? Dr. Revelle has called this machine "a giant technocracy, an unholy alliance of advanced industry and partly hidden government." Was no one paying attention?

Bruce L. R. Smith, in *The* RAND *Corporation*, goes much further toward explaining the origins of the machine and suggesting what might be done with it than Dr. Barber does.

Mr. Smith is now an employee of RAND, the grandaddy of the postwar "think factories" that were created to turn the spotlight of academic analysis on the problems of war. Most of the work for his book was done, while he was at Harvard University, as a study of an intriguing problem in American government. He is greatly impressed by RAND's abilities but far from blind to its shortcomings, past or present. If his intimate history of this non-profit phenomenon is too detailed and sometimes tedious, it also is extremely enlightening. In fact, it is almost a history of the very machine and the public-private conflicts that so concern Dr. Barber and others.

The impact on public life of RAND alone, not to mention the family of semi-governmental institutions it represents, cannot be overstated. Much of our nuclear-based defense policy was directly shaped by RAND. The Pentagon is run by RAND developed management and fiscal techniques now and the entire Federal budget to be sent to Congress in January will be built for the first time on RAND's "program budgeting" plan.

RAND, for all practical purposes, invented the comprehensive, analytical approach to large-scale problems that Dr. Barber hopes to see applied to Federal science spending. What he overlooked is that steps have been taken in this direction already. Efforts to allocate resources more equitably between military and social needs were begun in the science budget two years ago. The gains were reversed to some

COMING IN SEPTEMBER

Marquis W. Childs
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on Norman Mailer

and

Pauline Kael
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degree this year by the demands of Vietnam. But the concept has been grasped and the imperfect machinery of government is trying to do something with it. Dr. Barber is nonetheless right in demanding that this machinery be improved.

The message of Mr. Smith's book is change. This has of course been the message of the entire technological revolution since World War II. It is sad that men of Dr. Barber's position should only now be hearing the message clearly. As in other areas of public life – civil rights for example – change is always the message. Both in science and in civil rights the public remained deaf for too long.

Non-profit think companies were a device to bring better minds to military problems – tactical problems at first, strategic concepts as American military men and civilians together gradually recognized the inseparability of military and political issues in the nuclear age.

Change has affected the think factories just as they have affected public policy. Mr. Smith, perhaps too charitably sees them as having been almost essential to our military and political survival in the past 20 years. He believes they will be of great importance in the future, although greater public attention may alter their form.

RAND itself was responsible as early as 1946 for initiating much of the thinking and preliminary research that permitted the United States to respond so rapidly to the challenge of Sputnik in 1957. If the response was merely an escalation of the arms race that could have been avoided, as some now argue, it did not seem so to the government at the time. If the thinkers expanded and accelerated the war machine, it was at least partly because they were asked to. It seems more useful now to find a better way to do things than to suddenly discover these presumably honest men as the culprits behind it all. We were all in the nuclear soup then, and we still are.

It has been argued that the thinkers were captives of the military and, on the othe hand, that the military has been captured by bloodless analytical thinkers who can speak with cold detachment of obliterating nations with nuclear warheads.

Mr. Smith argues that the civilian thinkers, though supported chiefly by military funds, have helped "serve as a bridge between the realm of 'closed politics' and the larger public." He sees some "civilianizing" of the military through this process and – inevitably – some "militarizing" of public thinking.

But he believes some such bridge – and he does not argue that it must be a RAND-like corporation – is essential both "to help counteract the tendency toward technocracy inherent in the politics of the nuclear age" and because defense policy matters will continue to demand greater public understanding and "a wide share of society's creative energies."

RAND and other think factories, and even the large aerospace manufacturers, have begun turning their attentions to the so-called "peace technologies" – transportation, waste management, desalting of the seas. They will do more as Congress does more of what Dr. Revelle urged it to do – stimulate "those sciences that deal with human beings and their behavior – the psychological, sociological, political and educational sciences."

This growing attempt by man to try to understand and domesticate himself is perhaps the most hopeful thing that has happened since Hiroshima – and perhaps, as Dr. Revelle said, "essential if we are to use our understanding of the world without destroying ourselves."

This effort should be guided by all the public, a public so well informed that it cannot look back 20 years from now and accuse some amorphous and partly imagined enemy of bungling bureaucrats, power-hungry scientists and military men and greedy industrialists of misdirecting its affairs. The job is to understand the past, not to assail it.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Stephen Spender *has just completed his term as poetry consultant at the Library of Congress.* Abraham S. Goldstein *is Professor of Law at Yale.* Lore Segal *is the author of* Other People's Houses. Evert Clark *is at present science correspondent in the Washington Bureau of* The New York Times.

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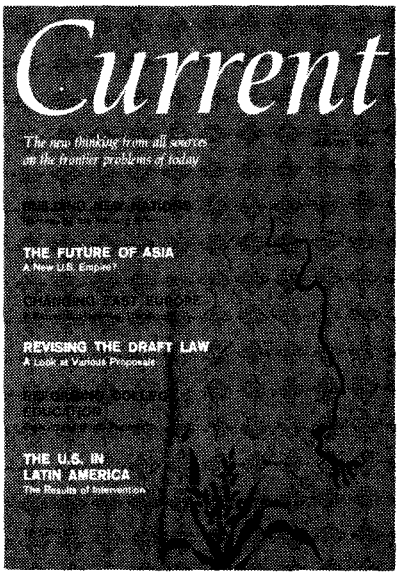

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RECORDS

Back from Stravinsky

For the Massine ballet *Pulcinella* Stravinsky, in 1919-20, composed music "after Pergolesi"; and in the notes on Columbia ML-6281 and MS-6881 Robert Craft amplifies the "after." The melodies are Pergolesi's; the original forms of the pieces are sometimes unchanged, sometimes expanded or remodeled; the harmonies are recomposed by Stravinsky, though much of the time on Pergolesi's bass line; the instrumentation is entirely Stravinsky's. And this play of Stravinsky's mind with Pergolesi's materials works out into one of Stravinsky's most attractive scores. On these records he conducts a good assembled orchestra in a performance that amazes one again with clarity, power and tension. Presumably this new recording was made to make his performance available in stereo; but I prefer the sound of the mono version; and the 1953 performance, reproduced beautifully by mono recording on ML-4830, has the finer playing of the superior Cleveland Orchestra.

Tchaikovsky's rarely heard orchestral piece, *Hamlet*, excellently performed by Maazel with the Vienna Philharmonic on London CM-9463 and CS-6463, turns out to be an inadequate musical embodiment of its subject, and not very interesting to listen to for itself – in these respects the opposite of the familiar *Romeo and Juliet*, which is performed equally well on the reverse sides. Again I prefer the mono sound.

All we have known of Tchaikovsky's opera *The Maid of Orleans* is the aria *"Adieu, forêts"*; but the rest is to be heard on Ultraphone 135/8 (mono only), and turns out to be characteristically accomplished and effective lyrical and dramatic writing in a style similar to that of *Eugene Onegin* and *The Queen of Spades*. The dubbing of a 1946 recording reproduces agreeably a performance by soloists, chorus and orchestra of the Kirov Theater in Leningrad under Boris Khaikin's efficient direction; and the principal male singers are good, but the soprano who sings Joan has a bad tremolo, and the other leading soprano has a voice of unpleasant quality.

I am grateful for the opportunity that Rococo 5238 (mono only) has provided to hear the extraordinarily fine tenor voice of Jacques Urlus, who sang at the Metropolitan from 1913 to 1917, and his technically secure and musically distinguished use of it in the different styles of the arias from *The Magic Flute, La Juive, Le Prophète, William Tell, Carmen, Otello* and works of Wagner.

The Brahms settings of 42 German folksongs on Angel B-3675 (mono) are skillful; the melodies he sets are attractive; Fischer-Dieskau's singing is very fine, except for an occasional excessive vehemence; Schwarzkopf's is frequently mannered. The two singers don't merely divide the songs between them, but give joint performances of those with dialogue in the text. This has been objected to – one reviewer pointing out that Schubert's *Erlkoenig* is sung by one singer, not four. But the alternation of the two voices lessens the task of varying the many repetitions of the verse; and I object only when a phrase is begun by one singer and completed by the other.

The Fischer-Dieskau performance of Schubert songs on imported Odeon SME-91418 (stereo only), which I reviewed some months ago, have been issued by Angel on 36341 (mono). The songs include *Du bist die Ruh', Des Fischers Liebesglueck, Der Juengling an der Quelle* and other fine ones.

Two unfamiliar early vocal pieces by Handel, the Chandos Anthems *O praise the Lord with one consent* and *Let God arise*, turn out to be quite fine, and are excellently performed on Argo 490 and 5490 by the Choir of King's College, Cambridge, and Elizabeth Vaughan, soprano, Alexander Young, tenor, and Forbes Robinson, bass, with the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, under the direction of David Willcocks.

Also fine is the even earlier Handel piece, *Dixit Dominus*, of which Willcocks conducts an excellent performance on Angel 36331 (mono) with the same chorus, Teresa Zylis-Gara, soprano, Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, Martin Lane, alto, Robert Tear, tenor, John Shirley-Quick, bass, and the English Chamber Orchestra.

Argo 442 and 5442 have several engaging orchestral pieces by Handel: the familiar Oboe Concerto No. 3 in G minor, the less familiar Oboe Concertos Nos. 1 and 2 in B-flat, the Overture to

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Berenice and *"Arrival of the Queen of Sheba"* from *Solomon*, excellently performed by Roger Lord, oboe, and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields under Neville Marriner's direction.

Klemperer's conducting is something I have only rarely admired; but his collaboration with the London Wind Quintet and Ensemble in the performance of Mozart's Serenade K.361 for 13 winds on Angel 36247 (mono) produces not only an unbelievably wonderful performance of this piece, but one of the most remarkable performances I have ever heard of anything. I say "collaboration" because Klemperer is working with a group of outstanding players and musicians with whom, up to a point, I am sure he must have dealt as equals, conferring with them about the tempos, which are well chosen, and about the phrasing, which is marvelous. But it is he who does for the performance what only a conductor can do for so large a performing group: produce the instrumental balances that result in the extraordinary clarity of the textures in which the individual lines are marvelously distinct and yet always related; adjust the phraseological inflection of each instrumental line to bring it into relation with that of the others, producing in this way the marvelous musical working together in the performance.

That clarity of texture and musical working together are achieved by the four players of the superb Guarneri Quartet in the performances of Smetana's *From My Life* and Dvorak's Quartet Op. 105 on RCA Victor LM- and LSC-2887. The highly accomplished writing in the Dvorak piece includes characteristic ear-ravishing melodic, harmonic and instrumental details; but its thematic substance is a little thin-blooded. The records leave one waiting impatiently for the performances of the great quartet literature by what has so quickly established itself as our ranking string quartet.

Tamàs Vàsàry's performances of all of Chopin's Waltzes on Deutsche Grammophon 19-485 (mono) are very good; but Dinu Lipatti's on Columbia ML-4552 have subtleties of inflection and rhythm that no other pianist has achieved, and that makes them still the performances to acquire.

B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

Ho and the South

Sirs:

Edgar Snow's article (July 30), indicates that our expanded military activity in Vietnam has precipitated an inexorable decline in Chinese-American relations. The predicate of this view is that "the political and military center of resistance is shifting to China, as earlier it shifted from South Vietnam to the North." Apparently, this shift is taken by Mr. Snow to mean that the Vietnam war will be continued even if the best interests of North Vietnam and the Viet Cong had come to lie in termination of hostilities, and they realized this to be the case.

Yet it is difficult to see how China, at that point, could force North Vietnam or the Viet Cong to continue fighting. Physical coercion is obviously impossible for this purpose. The withholding of technical and material aid would be of less acute significance precisely as the war effort was cut back. It seems most doubtful that North Vietnam would continue in a war it no longer desired or believed it could win, simply to obtain assurances of aid for general economic development once the war was over. It is a certainty that those Viet Cong whose primary allegiance is to the South would not continue to fight in such circumstances and for such purposes. Thus, whatever the movement to China of the "center of resistance," the *power* to terminate hostilities still lies with North Vietnam and the Viet Cong; Chinese aspirations or intransigence will not be controlling.

Similarly, the greater American military effort in Vietnam does not necessarily decrease the acceptability of a compromise solution to China itself. It seems at least equally possible that the greater US military effort has actually opened up settlement possibilities that China could not otherwise afford to consider. A "neutral" Vietnam, for ex-

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ample, would represent a far greater disproportion between American effort and achievement now than it would have before bombing of the North had commenced. The adverse effect on Chinese prestige would therefore be decreased accordingly. Thus, it is not accurate to suggest that United States actions have rendered all peaceful options unavailable to our adversaries.

Richard B. Herzog
Washington, D.C.

In his unenviable role of apologist for Red China, Mr. Edgar Snow has used some expressions which should not go unchallenged. "Ho Chi Minh has little alternative other than commitment to a protracted war of resistance." One possible alternative, which Snow ignores, is for Ho Chi Minh to call off his invasion of South Vietnam. "Resistance" implies a defensive war, which Ho's definitely is not.

R. B. Stone
University of New Hampshire
Durham, N.H.

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Last year, at the first annual Socialist Scholars Conference, held at Columbia University, more than 1000 scholars and students participated in discussion of themes of contemporary relevance, examined from a socialist perspective. The program this year will be greatly expanded.

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Hot Draft Card

Sirs:

On July 29 Terry Sullivan, in New York City, was sentenced to one year in jail for tearing up his draft card. The judge had offered to parole him if he would obtain and carry a draft card, and thus repudiate his initial act. Sullivan declined, and became the first adult to be imprisoned under this year-old law. Others who have been tried have either received suspended sentences (with no parole requirement as the judge imposed in this case) or are in the process of appealing their sentences on the constitutional issues. One youth has been jailed for an indefinite period.

Sullivan has been imprisoned before. Once, in 1961 he spent four and a half months in a Mississippi jail as a Freedom Rider. He has also been jailed for distributing leaflets on federal property. During the past six years Terry Sullivan has devoted his time to running houses of hospitality (mainly for Skid Row men) and organizing peace activities such as peace teams at various college campuses.

Before being sentenced, Terry Sullivan re-read the statement he made after he tore up his draft card in March 1966, returning the pieces to the Attorney General of the US. In his statement he reasoned that the only way to stop war was to refuse to participate in the machinery of war in any way. He called to mind the refusal of Thoreau, Gandhi and the American civil rights movement to obey unjust laws. Sullivan's status is 4F, a result of tuberculosis, which he contracted while living among and helping the men of Skid Row. He is 28, over the draft age.

Judge Edelstein, in his speech before sentencing Sullivan, pointed out that Terry Sullivan was not an "expert" in government policy, and questioned his right to make judgments about government policies. His statement seemed to imply that a citizen did not have the right to decide the policies of his government. In fact, it seemed to set up a chasm between the people and the government was not "of the people, for the people, and by the people."

The next day brought the news that the United States government, which now considers Terry Sullivan a convicted criminal, once again violated the Geneva agreement, and began bombing the neutral zone between North and South Vietnam.

Dianne Feeley
New York, N.Y.

Back to Electric Cars

Sirs:

A major drawback to electric cars, ("Back to Electric Cars?" by James Ridgeway, August 13) according to your article is the need to spend several hours charging the batteries after about 30 miles of use. This can be avoided by having a system whereby you can drive into your "gas" station and turn in your depleted batteries for a freshly charged set. Another idea would be to have a special electrified lane on all major highways. You'd drive onto the highway, drop a special contact arm onto an electric rail, and save your batteries at the same time. Some sort of toll arrangement would cover the cost of the electricity. With these electrified lanes, the batteries need only be used on the city streets themselves, not in getting to and fro.

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New York, N.Y.

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